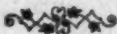


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THE

# Quarterly Musical Review.

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## ART AND RELIGION.

IF we wish to determine the essential features of a complicated mental state, we may frequently derive help from the consideration of some simpler form of the same state. Of this the study of Psychology furnishes us with numerous examples. Take, for instance, sense perception, which may be advantageously illustrated by the observation of children. If we can discover something of the processes by which it becomes possible in the earlier stages to recognise objects, we shall have made some advance in the determination of what is involved in the case of a matured mind. So if we wish to understand feelings of an intelligent artist in his work, we may not unwisely think of some common example which, though similar, in that the feeling is of the same kind, yet is different, inasmuch as there is less complexity. The musician practising his art is but a mere developed form of the labourer whistling as he follows the plough, more developed as being the result of greater knowledge and experience. The ploughman merely whistles as a relief; he feels glad and light-hearted, and this feeling finds its expression in sound. His utterance is perfectly free and spontaneous, without thought or calculation. Now, this spontaneity, this absence of calculation, this feeling that a man sings "because he likes to sing and likes the song," is what should be a foundation-stone of an artist's character. But in the artist there is much that acts as a restraint. Utter license and liberty he cannot have, and ought not to wish for; his ideas must always be expressed gram-

matically. However sublime the sentiment of a poem may be, it will not be artistic if it contains continual grammatical mistakes. On the other hand, it may be faultless in its language without having the slightest value. There must be first something worth saying, and then it must be correctly uttered. The same may be said of music. Illegitimate progressions, incorrect harmony, will make beautiful ideas crude and unpleasing. On the other hand, a work might be spotlessly correct without being of any value. We see, then, that an artist must have spontaneity of ideas, which must find their expression consistently with those forms which have proved the most fitting for artistic utterance.

Let us now to the other example, to illustrate another phase of an artist's mind. Imagine two workmen at adjoining benches both doing similar work. We shall see what difference there may be in their manner of doing it. The one has a deep enjoyment in his work. His hand and eye are steady and careful; every movement of his tool is well-directed and precise, shaping his work into a more polished, a more highly finished state. The wood which he has planed does not show the unsightly marks of the tool; it would be impossible for him to leave it in such a condition. The pieces which he has joined fit closely, so that you can scarcely discover the joint. He does not grudge the time spent in sharpening his tools, for he could not be satisfied unless he felt the ready yielding of the wood and heard the sharp clear sound of the moving plane or chisel.

His neighbour, on the other hand, we will suppose to have a different feeling for his work. For so many hours' labour he knows he will receive certain wages. He does not feel, or endeavour to feel, much pleasure in work itself. He is content to look upon it almost entirely as the means to an end. The work does not seem to him worth doing any better than is necessary. It must come up to a certain standard or he will lose his employment. Anything beyond this he would look upon as something superfluous: for him there is none of that pleasure in viewing a piece of work well done. Now, a system of piece-work is very much calculated to kill the artistic feeling in workmen; so many articles, so much money, is a principle which, in the majority of cases, leads a man to neglect any higher quality than is demanded, for the sake of producing quantity. Nay, more than this, the employer does not wish for any sign of individuality on the part of the workman. The work of a huge manufactory is so divided and subdivided that the minutest process is allotted to each man. Of course, by this arrangement, the productive power is enormously increased, and the workmen will be able to earn better wages: but does

he not pay too dearly for this? By being restricted to one small occupation almost all expenditure of thought, except a little scheming for quicker means of producing, is rendered unnecessary; the brain loses power for want of use, and the artistic sense becomes deadened. Any further use of the brain becomes irksome and wearying instead of exhilarating. This subdivision of labour, then, of which economists are so proud, is by no means an entire advantage to the community. It is an advantage in the fact that by its means the productive capacity is increased, material wealth may be more readily amassed; but it is pernicious in its effects on the minds of men. It is converting, as much as possible, rational human beings into mere machines, or "hands" as they are termed. The excessive division of labour which is characteristic of modern times, then, is quite opposed to the development of an artistic sense. The commercial spirit has got such a hold on us that we are willing to sacrifice for ourselves and others what should be the bright colouring of life. We want a stronger belief in the worthiness of whatever work we find to do, and a greater enjoyment in it for its own sake. In spite of the disadvantages under which former ages laboured, they have left to us much that excels what we can, or do, produce at the present day. The magnificent cathedrals, in which England is so rich, are lasting memorials of a more universal feeling for architectural art than exists now, and of a higher artistic sense among workmen. Why is it that old furniture and old silver are so much sought after? Not merely because they are old, but because they were made at a time when workmen loved their work, and produced what could last and give pleasure for generations to come. We want more of that feeling which George Eliot has represented as possessing the mind of Stradivarius:—

"God be praised,

Antonio Stradivari has an eye  
That winces at false work and loves the true,  
With hand and arm that play upon the tool  
As willingly as any singing bird  
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay  
Because he likes to sing and likes the song."

Let us take as the two aims in life—one of which every one must set before him—self-interest or the interests of others. Self-interest would include the prominent desire to acquire wealth, fame, power for the sake of personal gratification; and in the interest of others we should include the wish to extend to our fellow-men whatever our talents enable us, and

to seek for higher attainment that we may be able to be of more service—the attempt to raise the standard of our own pleasures and those of others. Is life for the individual to be the search for the greatest amount of pleasure for himself, such pleasure consisting in the acquisition of money, fame, power; or to be the devotion to true work—work which is sound in its usefulness and the influence of which cannot fail to radiate in all directions? What is a man's object in entering a business or profession—to make money or to do useful work? Is it from an enjoyment in the use of whatever faculties may be called into play or is the work solely tolerated on account of the resultant wealth and the selfish use of it. The work which is undertaken mainly for the sake of money cannot be artistic, but it may in a certain sense be useful; it may be efficient especially if it is unskilled labour: but a man who allows himself to work with this object merely must become a social factor calculated to produce degeneration. He is able to satisfy the demands made on him, inasmuch as he produces something which is marketable; but he is doing, in another way, what is harmful by the exclusion of that light from himself which should be his greatest joy and which should bring with its manifestation encouragement and hope to others. It is this feeling, fully recognised by the individual, that what he is doing is of real worth, and that the fact of its being worthy is sufficient to compensate for whatever of anxiety and disappointment he may meet with—it is this which brings the highest enjoyment in the work of life. If he fully recognises this he will be able to face the adversity of fortune.

Work entered on with such feelings will not become dull and monotonous. The active principles within will always be renewable, day after day and year after year; and they do not leave behind them, when seriously acted on, disappointment and a sense of failure. The more an individual can throw himself into working for the good of others the more refined will be his pleasure.

“The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.”

Self-interest, as an aim in life, is delusive. In pursuing it we defeat our own object. Happiness can never be secured by us if we think continually of our own personal interest and welfare.

If a man struggle to ascend the hill of Fortune, however far he may have climbed, he still finds higher points, and he is discontented until he

has reached them. Much of the disappointment, much of that melancholy and depression which is so common in the world is the result of this endeavour above all things to "get on." This very expression "getting on" is a witness to what is in our every-day conversation admitted to be the important thing in life. As sure as the mere "getting on" is the aim so sure will disappointment be the result. By continually barring light and warmth from the soul it must arrive at a morbid condition.

Now by what has been said it is not meant that money is necessarily harmful and noxious, but that the desire for money should not be allowed to out-balance those incentives to work which are nobler and worthier.

What is the effect of this thirst for money? Does it bring prosperity, abundance, health and wealth to all? Scarcely, I think, if we considered the matter, could we come to that conclusion. With the new appliances, new inventions, in which the present century has been so fertile, it has become possible to amass wealth at a far quicker rate than heretofore. But poverty still exists as markedly as ever. The distance between the poor and rich has become greater. While some have been able to accumulate more than they well know how to use, others have sunk down to as deep a depth of poverty.

Then, too, the anxiety for money has had its effect in introducing into commercial transactions an immense number of what are called "the tricks of the trade," which in plainer terms would be named dishonesties. Through making money the main object, the strict honesty of the means of obtaining it has not been insisted on. Unfortunately, these have become so interwoven with the very texture of business that it is difficult to avoid falling in with them. Men of business, if asked, will mostly admit that practices have to be resorted to which would not bear the light of truth. Our trade is full of false pretensions, misrepresentations, dishonesties in all forms. The man who would read with horror a case of perjury, can proceed to business and systematically deceive the day through. His sense of rectitude would effectually prevent him from committing the former offence, at the same time leaving him free to perpetrate a host of lesser ones. Take the case of a shop assistant whose advancement depends on the amount he can sell. Trusting to the ignorance of the customer, which in many cases he can do with safety, he represents goods to be of a higher quality than they really are, or palms off old stock as the latest fashion. Or the man who buys in for his employer

may, and frequently does, take a more or less direct bribe from the person of whom he purchases. But the time has not yet come when a strong feeling against false practices and dishonesty is sufficiently general. We tend so easily to overlook them as little pardonable weaknesses, and indeed it is scarcely possible for a man living in the present time to avoid being carried into the vortex; but at the same time we should recognise that it is admirable to attempt to keep out of it. We should be ready to honour the man who retains his present position in preference to a more lucrative one for the reason that the latter would involve outrages against truth and honesty which he could not bring himself to undertake—and not look upon him as devoid of wisdom. May we not go further, and admit the soundness of such a statement as, "It is not necessary to live, but it is necessary to be honest," a sentiment the reverse of what is so frequently adopted?

"We all must live" writes the flag-artist along with his gallery of pictures; and this is the inwardly accepted motto of many who do not display it quite so ostentatiously. This is no age for martyrs, and the refusal to fall in with the established commercial practices would hardly seem sufficiently worthy of martyrdom, though there would doubtless be many willing to undergo it for the sake of a theological speculation.

What is the charm which money possesses for us that the means of obtaining it are so vitiated? The old-fashioned miser who loved to gloat over and count again and again his bags of gold, is a type of money-lover of which we have now but few specimens. Nor is it altogether the possessions and pleasures which it will procure, but rather it is the kind of reverence which is paid by others to a man who possesses what is expensive and luxurious and the higher social standing to which it may lead. The whole of our surroundings from childhood upwards tend to produce this desire for reverence or admiration resulting from wealth, and unless counteracted by some other influence it will become an altogether too prominent feature in our character.

It is not meant that money is not worth acquiring, that a man is culpable in endeavouring to acquire it, and that the neglect to do so is praiseworthy; but that the mere possession of it ought to have no claim on our admiration and respect.

While on the one hand we should condemn the utter devotion to money, we may remember that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." It is perfectly just and fitting that a man should receive payment for work honestly done; but the desire for such reward should be kept in the

background, and stress laid on the conscientious discharge of duties, on the advancement of the general welfare; the consciousness of having done this, and the delight in doing it, will be a higher and more lasting reward—a reward which may be kept as long as life lasts, and which no reverse can separate from us if we remain firm and true. Such desires may appear flimsy and unstable, but they are in reality safer and stronger, more certain to result in a life worth living. That they are ideal is no sign that they are worthless—indeed we might say, if the paradox is permissible, that the ideal ought to be the most real thing for us. It should be ever with us to give point and purpose to our actions, and, as the mariner consults his compass, so should we ever watch that our course in life is warranted by reference to those ends which we wish to obtain. Without such an ideal more or less definitely recognised we allow ourselves to drift as the current likes to take us.

Now, taking these two aims of life—self-interest and the interest of others—we do not mean that the former has as its result pleasure, and the latter is merely attended with stoical self-denial. That a kind of self-denial is needed in the latter case is indisputable, but it need not be on the whole painful and irksome. So far from this, it brings with it a pleasure which is far higher and worthier. And we might express the difference between the two by saying that pleasure is the end of both, but that in the latter case it is of a much higher quality.

That a man obtains a greater pleasure from self-denying and disinterested course of action, and therefore chooses it in preference to the other, will not warrant us in refusing to admit any merit in the action, and place him on the same level as the man who is unwilling to undergo such denial. To the higher pleasures of life we could not apply the term selfish in the usual meaning of the term.

The pleasures of sense are far more easily satiated than those of the intellect. If we compare the two senses of taste and sight we shall see that the former is incapable of prolonged stimulation, whereas the latter, in which there is much more that is mental, will bear stimulation for a long period. Again, a similar difference may be noted if we compare the same sense of vision acted on by different material; we do not feel the same easily-renewable pleasure in looking at fireworks as we do in viewing a picture gallery. In the former the sensuous element predominates, in the latter the mental.

No one will doubt that our endeavours ought to be directed towards attaining and diffusing the higher pleasures, which have as their



characteristic capability of renewal. It will be admitted, then, that the intellectual and artistic enjoyments rank higher than those of the senses.

So, in like manner, if our aim in life be to benefit others, the enjoyment, though it does involve self-denial, will be higher and worthier than that of the seeker of a lower kind of self-gratification. Let us now direct attention specially to art, that we may see in what it differs from other pursuits with respect to this search for higher pleasures.

Now art has as its object the pleasure resulting from its practice. This is in itself the end. Its sphere is to excite the emotional side of our nature, so that an artist, while he is at work, cannot, if he is true, allow other considerations to enter. The moment he allows money, fame, power to influence him to do otherwise than his highest artistic sense prompts, he yields his devotion to art. With him some higher state of excellence is to be striven for. He has always some ideal to which he has not attained, and this ideal, the pursuit of this, is his life. Our ideal must always be in advance of what has already been attained, but though it ever recedes, and ever must recede (or rather give place to some higher ideal), all efforts to approach it will have as their effect the advance of art. It is this to which the artist wishes to devote his life's energies.

The pursuit of an artistic ideal is closely allied to that of a religious one; so that we should hope to find among artists a lively appreciation of the latter. The man who in his daily studies is striving to reach some higher level, who is seeking for a fuller enjoyment of subtle emotions, to exchange all false work for true—of such a man might we not expect a deeper feeling of those principles which should regulate our conduct? One who is continually entering into sympathy with the emotional expression of other minds should surely be more ready to understand and sympathise with his fellow-men.

Let us consider music as compared with other arts in its power of expressing emotion and in its approximation to the religious feelings. As far as history goes back we find some striving for artistic expression, some attempt to create and enjoy the beautiful. As we should expect in the earlier times this found vent in the fashioning of some definite tangible object. The Greeks looked upon their gods as being ruled and swayed by the same feelings and passions as men. They liked to define and determine. The material predominated over the spiritual. Thus we find in their art such excellence in sculpture. This was the form of art for which their minds were best suited, being as it is the most material, realistic, and tangible of

the fine arts. Solid, substantial marble was the medium for communicating their ideas, and the subjects were idealised forms of human beings. The material was already there formed by nature.

If we turn to painting we shall see the yearnings for some more ideal method of representing than was possible in sculpture. The painter's medium is colour, evidently much less material than marble. Again, the variety of objects which the pictorial artist can represent is much greater than what can be portrayed by the sculptor, and the subjects represented become more ideal. Still we find there was the desire, for instance, to represent in pictures the idea of the Godhead. Still He is represented as having the form of man, though idealised. Men still wanted much that was realistic and material in their beliefs, and consequently in any artistic outcome of those beliefs.

Now, when we turn to music, its development is due to the longing for some more spiritual, less material, method of expressing what is beautiful. In painting and sculpture there must be some definitely portrayed subject, something which either is a copy of the objects we see or closely founded on what is to be seen in the material world. But, in using sound as a medium, we are able to obtain ideas much further removed from what is given to us in Nature. The communication from one mind to another is more direct. The meaning of music is the emotion which it represents. The fact that whatever pictures music will excite in our minds are vague and ill-defined is the great advantage which it possesses over other arts, for it shows that more of whatever is not emotional has been eliminated. By hearing music we arrive at the emotions of the composer, freed from special matter of thought. This piece of music is gladsome, that sad and gloomy. It is not necessary for me, in the former case, to think of a bright May morning, nor, in the latter, of a graveyard. It is sufficient for me to feel gladsome in the one case, sad in the other, without having any distinct picture in my mind. Music does not seek to define God, but it reveals something of a wondrous power outside of ourselves.

Again, our emotions are unstable and fluctuating, so that they do not remain constant for long. The violent joy on hearing good news is frequently followed by weeping. Now, in a picture the subject remains constant, and cannot well express this succession of emotions, for which music is the best adapted of all arts. There appears to be in painting nothing parallel to the use of discords in music, which use is the very counterpart of the succession of feelings. As in music a discord must be

resolved either by itself moving or by waiting till the other parts come into agreement with it, so in the succession of feelings what is painful or irritating is succeeded by what is pleasing and agreeable. We come to bear and like what is in itself displeasing, knowing that a resolution will follow. If life were one continued uninterrupted round of pleasures it would be dull and monotonous, insipid as music without dissonances. Leisure and play have little meaning except as the successors of work and restraint. The boy bounding out of school feels a delight in his freedom greater than he could have experienced without the few previous hours' restriction. A pleasure deferred is all the more enjoyable when we do experience it.

We see, then, that music has a greater power of expression than pictorial art, first, because there is less material alloy—the communication of emotion is more direct and subtle; and secondly, because the order is successive, and so consistent with that of the emotions. Again, the complexity of emotions can be well portrayed. In no other art can the undercurrents as well as the main stream be presented so vividly. In the progression of chords there is a various and shifting complexity, and withal a unity in their tendency and purpose, just as amid the variety and complexity of the emotions there is a unity in that they belong to the same individual. Music, then, is wonderfully and mysteriously appropriate to the portrayal of the emotional states of the mind. That the images which it may call up are vague and ill-defined as regards any subject matter apart from itself is no blemish, but rather the greatest proof of its purity as an exponent of emotion. Concerning this power of music we may quote the words of the highly-gifted literary and artistic genius, Oliver Madox Brown, who, in his "Gabriel Denver," says: "There are some phases of human passion which, while they last, can never be described in mere words; only some of our most madly-inspired musicians have been divinely gifted with power to eliminate and strike these chords, for which, indeed, their art seems the only possible utterance."

It is this power to eliminate which places music on a higher level than other arts. By it we are carried further above what is earthly, and penetrate more into what is spiritual. Modern science is fast dispelling many of the long-cherished theological speculations. In place of more graphic explanations of the mystery of the world we live in, we have offered to us the theory of evolution. We seek less and less to define God, to express the unknown in terms of the known, recognising at the

same time that it is possible to *feel* what we cannot so define. We lay less and less stress on Theology, more and more on Religion. We are not so anxious as formerly about creeds and dogmas, but more concerned with ideals of life and conduct. Forms and ceremonies are becoming more recognised *as* forms and ceremonies and not as the essentials in life. Our views may become less defined, abstract rather than concrete, but a faith still remains. We come to recognise that there is a truth which must be taken hold of by the emotions rather than by the intellect; that there is truth other than that which may be expressed in syllogisms.

We see, then, that the advance in art has run parallel with the advance of religion, that in music we have the highest development of art. In both there has been a progress from the realistic to the ideal. Art and religion react on one another. In religion there is much that is artistic, in art much that is allied to religion. As the religious aspirant who seeks what is good feels its beauty, so the artist in searching for beauty is carried to that realm where there is nothing but good.

ARTHUR WATSON.

## BEETHOVENIANA.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG NOHL.)

WHAT is it which fills us with such a peculiar sense of reverence when we hear the name of Beethoven? Is it the lofty genius which from out his sonatas and symphonic creations finds a resonant echo within the mind of the listener, or is it not rather the intuitive perception, the half-vouchsafed revelation, that those sounds well forth from the deepest spring within the heart of man, and from the heart of a man, forsooth, whom Fate smote to the very core, and who felt and experienced all that we feel and experience in deeper, fuller, richer measure?

Even a stranger who, in the motley crowd of a Viennese street, might chance to see this remarkable figure go by—not, indeed, tall of stature, but imposing by virtue of its concentrated strength—with eager gait and head erect, was perforce attracted by it, and could not but stop and look back. There must have floated about the master a singular halo, thus to arrest and enchain the gaze of his fellow-men; and in his creations, which are but the inner revelation of his being, we find a man of whom we instinctively feel that his grandeur was based on the fact that he took all the problems of life seriously, and above all things made it his duty “to live not unto himself, but unto others.”

What distinguished Beethoven by nature from his fellows was not only that he possessed a *physique* and a mental power quite unusual, but that upon this foundation there asserted itself from the very beginning a remarkable fund of persevering will. It was an inheritance from his Low-German origin, which, truth to tell, often degenerated, more particularly as he grew older, into an excess of inflexible stubbornness; but it was, after all, this indomitable will which, with every additional year and the ever-increasing striving after the highest aims, gave him more and more the capacity actually to reach the lofty goal which he fixed before him. And verily if ever there was a man who needed this strength of character—not to become a *great* man, but indeed to become anything at all—it was Beethoven; for it would be difficult to imagine

a life more fraught with trouble, more full of untoward influences, than was that of Beethoven. It was as though Fate, provoked by the extraordinary measure of his strength for the fray, had resolved, throughout the whole of his life, to harass and test that strength, in order to steel it all the more.

All the development of his artistic talent was handicapped by an altogether irregular and imperfect youthful education. True, in his grandfather, the Bass-singer and "Kapellmeister" to the Elector of Cologne, resident at Bonn, he had in his early childhood found a genuine man and an able artist, and many a beautiful image in art and in life was hereafter to be associated with this his native town. But his father, who was his earliest instructor, by his harsh proceedings rather did everything to set his son against the art than to strengthen his leaning towards it. He himself was but an indifferent musician, a Tenor in the Electoral Chapel, and nothing was further from his mind than the desire to advance himself in his art; for unfortunately he had inherited from his mother a craving for drink, a failing which had left that lady in her old age a religious pensionnaire, and which, finally, in his own case, deprived him of income and office. So, when he perceived the wonderful talent of his eldest son, he began to think of possibly bringing him out as a "musical marvel"—like the little Mozart, who had been displaying his wonderful gifts not long before in Bonn—and then, perhaps, according to the leading of his own volatile mind, travelling with the youthful prodigy about the world. The young Ludwig was accordingly severely kept to piano as well as violin practice, and Cecilia Fischer, the companion of his childish days, well recollected, after more than fifty years had passed away, how she had seen him "as he stood upon a little stool before the piano, to which in his earliest days the inexorable severity of his father firmly fixed him, shedding bitter tears."

All this was not greatly calculated to foster a love for music in the boy, and in many a one such a youthful experience would have created an unconquerable aversion for the art; but his musical proclivities as well as his moral strength were destined to do battle with still severer trials. And if among his after teachers in Bonn the instruction lost at least much of its harsh and galling character, yet it cannot be denied that in no case was it on a par with the measure of Beethoven's natural gifts. Indeed, when in later years the aged "Papa Haydn" and the learned contrapuntist Albrechtsberger became his tutors in Vienna, the very course of his life had already welded his mind to such a pitch of

self-dependence that that which they could teach him was hardly commensurate to the measure of his genius, and therefore here also his own individuality had to step in, and work out the issue according to his own modes of expression.

Meantime his father followed step by step the downward road to ruin, and plunged his family along with himself into the direst need. In the spring of 1787 the son, in consequence of news of his mother's illness, had been recalled before the intended time from a visit to Vienna, whither he had been sent by the Electoral favour to receive instruction from Mozart; and on the actual death of the worthy woman, which took place shortly afterwards, there fell upon the shoulders of the lad, at that time but fifteen, the heavy responsibility of supporting a whole household, and over and above all, when his father had finally been compulsorily pensioned off, of entirely educating the two younger boys.

What was now to become of the task imposed upon him by his genius, the duty of diligently cultivating those talents which, as every genuine artist feels, are not given to him to lay up in a napkin? Howbeit, he rested not till this duty, too, was fulfilled. Honestly he forced back the youthful over-exuberant tide of productive power, and by a daily round of work in the Court Chapel and the Theatre, and by giving lessons, he provided for the wants of the family. When this his domestic task was completely accomplished, and one of his brothers was bound over to an apothecary, the other established as a teacher of music, then, and only then, did the master think anew of his higher duties, and himself was instrumental in inducing his sovereign the Elector, in the autumn of 1792, to again send him to Vienna, there to put what was considered the finishing touch to his musical education.

Now, indeed, after a long and painful crushing of his powers, and the confinement of his energies within a narrow sphere, did he float for the first time again on the broad and open ocean, and it is a joy to see how his genius revelled in the field of artistic creation, where Gluck and Mozart had worked before him, and where Joseph Haydn was still industriously working. Vividly and tumultuously, like a long dammed-up stream, the mighty flood of his genius burst its thrall, and swept away all before it. No wonder that astonishment has been expressed that it should be possible for anyone even to *write* so much as Beethoven composed during the first five years of his stay in Vienna. And material gain was likewise not lacking, for his new and distinguished patrons paid him many a rich fee.



The distinguishing feature of this period is the superabundant energy, the boundless overflow of pent-up force, which, as we recognise in the characteristic "*Sonata Pathétique*," rushes along untrammelled and untamed, and carries us away with its irresistible impetus. His life, in spite of all its hard and bitter experience, had not yet been forced under the yoke of the all-levelling aims of life. Still it rushes along with Titanic fervour, uncontrolled and defiant, and, regardless of all conventionalities, glories solely in the utmost freedom of its fancy and imagination to roam over the whole wide world.

And thus it happened that one day, returning overheated from one of his accustomed walks in the neighbourhood of Vienna to the narrow streets of the town, he entered, as was his wont, one of the large cool rooms which are common to the houses of the inner town, and threw off his coat, so as to be hindered by nothing in the working out of the ideas he had collected abroad. A violent cold was the natural result, and alas! it was soon found that the malady had seized upon that particular sense, which, we have from his own lips, he possessed in singular perfection—the *hearing*. Yes, from this time was the "demon in his ears," and remained there seated for the rest of his life. For, partly owing to unskilful treatment, but perhaps still more to his own constant want of care—easy to understand amidst the multiplicity of his labours—the malady was allowed to take deeper root, and gradually became incurable, so that in the last years of his life it was only possible by the medium of writing—that is to say, by means of "conversation-tablets"—to communicate with the master, to whom hearing seemed the sense which his creative spirit could least dispense with.

Fearful calamity! heaviest blow of Fate for a man like Beethoven, who, even as a boy, had "not cared much about companions or society," and was now to be isolated in the completest manner! It becomes wholly comprehensible how a few years afterwards, when no means could be found to ward off impending disaster, he should exclaim to one of the friends of his boyhood, "I have already often cursed my existence!" and how, as more than one passage in his letters reveals, in the first years of this dire calamity he should have been many times near to the brink of that abyss from whence there is no return. Once, when in company with his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, he was basking in the sunny landscape round about Vienna, the latter called his attention to a shepherd, piping brightly upon a flute made of lilac-wood. The poor deaf man listened for the space of half an hour, but could hear nothing, and although Ries

repeatedly assured him, what indeed was not true, that he himself could no longer hear anything, the face of the master darkened and he became more and more melancholy. This apparently trifling occurrence made a most fearful impression upon him; he himself, at a later period, spoke of it in the well-known will dated from Heiligenstadt, found, together with a few other papers, amongst his belongings after his death: "Such incidents brought me well-nigh to despair; but little was wanted to make me put an end to my own life. *Art* alone held me back. Alas! it seemed to me impossible to leave the world before I should have produced all that I felt capable of."

It was but natural that in his present condition he should look around him with heartfelt desire for where, at least in his private life, he might gain that happiness, or even personal comfort, which he was no longer able to find in the outer world. What bliss must have been his when just about this time he actually found a woman who was capable of comprehending both his mind and his art!

In the sixteen-year-old Countess Giulietta Guicciardi he met with the loving and sympathising soul who was willing to rescue the unhappy genius from his terrible loneliness; and who, as may be seen from his letter to her beginning "My angel! my all! my very self!" intended in all earnestness to become his wife. Already had "the dear bewitching girl who loves me and whom I love" made his life again better worth living, and he went once more into society. "After an interval of two years I have again enjoyed some blissful moments, and it is the first time that I have felt that marriage could make me happy." And even did we not possess these utterances—that poem of his love-tossed heart, publicly dedicated to his lady-love of the dark enthusiastic eyes, the Sonata in C # minor (Opus 37, No. 2), well known under its fanciful title of the "Moon-light Sonata," would give ample evidence of what was stirring at that time the breast of the Titan who was storming Olympus, and yet remained a very man indeed.

But this happiness likewise was soon laid in ashes. For reasons hitherto unfathomed, but amongst which the great difference in social position of the lovers probably proved the most insurmountable, the engagement was suddenly broken off, and, as may be seen from Beethoven's subsequent conduct, without fault on his side. For when Giulietta returned to Vienna more than twenty years later, long after she had become the wife of Count Gallenberg (himself a "composer," but only an indifferent one, and that but of ballet music), and, as he himself has recorded in his

Conversation Book of 1823, weeping called upon the master, grown grey as well as deaf, he had her sent away without seeing her. "And if, indeed, I had willed thus to give up my life's power with my life's happiness, what, after all, would have remained of the nobler, the better part?" So he closes the brief reference to this the most painful episode of his life. We have other evidence how greatly at the time his mind was overwhelmed with grief. And if in the end, according to his own grand fashion, he obtained the mastery over it, and was even able to transform the—for him—doubly bitter experience of woman's faithlessness, in *Fidelio*, into a glorified image of wifely fidelity, yet the deeply agitated Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, No. 2), and still more the passionate and stormy Sonata in F minor (Op. 57), to which, in true sympathy with its inner meaning, the name "*Appassionata*" has been given, tell us that at least the battle did not leave him without scars.

For Beethoven himself this event was the boundary-stone of a period of renunciation of outside joys, and certainly of domestic happiness. "Resignation" and "Patience"—these he would now choose for his life's companions, and he would live for his creations only. Nevertheless the prospect of a lasting union would often still draw nigh to him like a heavenly vision, now nearer, now more distant, for the moment affording him sweetest hope; and the words which he wrote, about the year 1807, in his diary, "When M. came by, and seemed as though she looked upon me," "Love, yea, love alone, is able to make thy life happy! O God! let me find the being who will strengthen me in virtue, who will lawfully be mine!" demonstrate beyond a doubt that the longing for that most natural and richest of all earthly joys which are allotted to us remained imperishable within his breast. Even when he was nearly fifty, in a confidential moment he made the confession to a friend who had seen much of life that "his love had been unrequited—that he had made the acquaintance of a lady, to have married whom he would have regarded as the greatest happiness of his life; but it was not to be. He was fully aware it was an impossibility, a chimera, and yet his feeling was exactly the same as when he first saw her, and he was quite unable to uproot it." According to conjecture, this particular "M." was a certain Theresa Malfatti, of Vienna, handsome and accomplished. The other lady was the charming Amelia Sebald, of Berlin, whom, in the summer of 1812, at Teplitz, he had learnt to know and to love.

But when we now turn and inquire what was the effect of all these events on Beethoven's development and creative work, the truth of that

old saying becomes once more apparent—"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" for assuredly, had it not been for these experiences, Beethoven would not have penetrated to those profound depths of his being, nor obtained that ideal conception of life which causes us now to recognise in him a true diviner of the heart's deepest secrets, and a giver of the highest delight. As it had been *art* alone which had prevented him from taking the last fearful leap into the pit of self-destruction, so it was *art* also which brought him not only mitigation of his sufferings but also joy incomprehensible. It was *art*, likewise, which put him in contact with many a helpful and loving spirit; above all with that of the lovely and musically-gifted young Countess Marie Erdödy, in whose house and amongst whose children in Vienna he found that kindness and tender compassion of which he stood so deeply in need. And it was she, this "truest friend," who once, when the door of the unhappy man had not been opened for days, and neither food nor drink had reached him, conceived the well-grounded suspicion that he wished to bring about death by starvation—it was she, this "dear Countess Marie," who knew all the grief of the master, who then with tearful prayers besieged his barred door, and would not go away until at last, a sound of life was heard, and finally the door was opened. The trio in D major (Op. 70, No. 1), shortly afterwards dedicated to her, paints for us from the very onset the heroic and yet almost despairing struggle against destiny, and, in the *adagio*, the heart-gnawing, soul-obscuring grief, to escape from which he had well-nigh plunged into the void of death before the appointed time.

For what was reserved to this man in the way of happiness and joy—and this, indeed, was freer from alloy than falls to the lot of most of us—consisted chiefly in the silent delight of creation, and in the enthusiastic sympathy and loud acclamations which greeted his public performances. Never was there artist who could be more sure of brilliant successes than was Beethoven; and these public successes of his compositions, and the universal reverence which he commanded in private life, were in a measure rich compensation for what he had been deprived of in the ordinary relations of life. The grand concert in November, 1814, which formed an integral part of the festivities of the Viennese Congress, and in which the "Battle of Vittoria" and the A major Symphony occupied the principal parts, revealed to him, in the frantic applause of an audience of well-nigh 6,000 persons—and those, too, representing the mental culture of Europe—for the first time the commanding position

which he held in the world of art. And in the year 1824, when even for the pleasure-loving Viennese the Rossini intoxication became too much, and everyone was appealing to the grey old master of German music once again to show the earnest countenance of his muse, the performance of a portion of the "Grand Mass in D," and of the "Ninth Symphony," produced a storm of enthusiasm, and, finally, there broke forth a universal volume of acclamation when the deaf *maestro*, who, standing at the conductor's desk, had not heard so much as a sound amid all the thunders of applause behind him, was suddenly, by the hands of Caroline Unger, the subsequently renowned vocalist, turned round and made to face the auditorium, and thus to become aware of the exultations of the multitude. "Scarcely an eye remained dry," it has been written of this occasion, "and Beethoven himself at last stood there in deep agitation with moist eyes. It was truly a golden reward, and a healing balsam for the cruel wounds which life had inflicted upon him."

We know how in *Fidelio* he has depicted wifely fidelity. In similar manner he endeavoured in his Third Symphony (for this reason called the *Eroica*) to give artistic shape to the great historical doings of his time, and, especially, to do homage to its most prominent hero, the Consul Napoleon Bonaparte. General Bernadotte, who at a later period became King of Sweden, had already in the year 1798 requested Beethoven to erect a musical monument to the Great General of the Republic, and it would probably have borne at this day the name of "Napoleon Symphony," had not Beethoven conceived an unconquerable dislike to the *ci-devant* bringer of Freedom, so soon as he had once assumed the imperial crown. But although, on the receipt of this intelligence, the dedicatory title-page of the work was torn up with angry rage, yet the *Eroica* Symphony preserves for us within itself the armed tread of that great time, and exemplifies the turmoil which accompanied the break of a new era.

More and more dissatisfied with historical events, the mind of the master quitted the regions of political exaltation, and again turned to communion with nature. Now was composed the symphony in C minor, of which, when once asked to explain the meaning, he replied, "Thus fate doth knock at the door!"—then, too, was composed the beautiful "Pastoral Symphony," in which he paints in simple language his own experience of how in the temple of nature he had found that peace of mind and that true delight, the echo of which he had sought for every-

where in life in vain. From this time forth he pursues this track, and his soul never again ceases to strive after a solution to the enigmas which perplex the human breast.

Even his reading mirrors this earnest concentration of his mind. A very favourite Protestant book of edification at that time—"Christian Sturm's Reflections Concerning the Works of God in the Kingdom of Nature and of Providence"—which had for its aim the purpose, so entirely harmonising with Beethoven's affinity with Nature, of making Nature a school for the training of the heart—for years filled many a leisure hour; and the extracts which he made in his diaries and elsewhere, both from it and from other authors like Shakspeare, Homer, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, and the Ancients (published a short time ago under the title "Beethoven's Breviary," and thus made accessible to the general public), completely demonstrate this contemplative cast of mind. Especially when the sad death of his youngest brother Karl, in the year 1815, and the adoption of that unhappy "nephew," who brought him so much trouble, had made his spirit still more sensitive, and more in need of lasting consolation, we often find him with the energy of his whole heart calling for higher aid, and truly heartrending is the ring of that cry in the diary of 1817: "Bitter now is thy plight. Yet He who reigns above, He is, and nothing happens without His will!"

Thus it was opportune that just at this time the installation of the Archduke Rudolf in his new dignity gave him an occasion for concentrating all these sentiments in musical form. "Once again let me sacrifice all the minor woes of life, O God over all!" he cried to himself, when he was now about to begin that work, which he, at a later period, regarded as his most perfect creation—the *Missa Solemnis*. "It has come from the heart: may it find its way back to the heart!" he wrote upon the first leaf, and for nearly four years he worked at this wondrous web, over which he many a time found himself in a state of "absolute exaltation," such as had never been his before. He strove in his inmost heart firstly to gain for himself the longed-for peace, and then to dispense it to others.

The harmonious and happy state of his own mind is clearly shown by the fact that he completes the cycle of human feelings with Schiller's "Ode to Joy." Never has the Song of Joy, that "Seid umschlungen, Millionen! Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!" been more divinely sung than by this man, to whom, after all, it had been given to taste more of its suffering than of its enjoyment.



And thus this creation of a very hero in music, judged by its import as well as by its artistic perfection, ranks directly and worthily with the creations of all our great men in other fields—with Schiller's splendid dramas and Goethe's "Faust"—and announces to us the old gospel preached to mankind in new and striking form. And for Beethoven, also, it was a sacred thing, this his art. He felt himself to be her priest, and looked upon "her revelations as higher than words can express." For it was this consciousness, as he himself modestly enough puts it, "of having exercised some influence over his generation," which so often raised him above his own misfortune "to the stars"—that is to say, to that fountain of joy which wells forth in the contemplation of the everlasting course of things, and also enabled him from his last weary bed of sickness to look to death with the gaze of a Socrates, and with true calmness of soul.

We can now see why we are seized with involuntary reverence when we hear the name of the great master spoken. He was one of the interpreters and prophets of our inner life, such as appear to us from time to time to still the needs and torments of suffering humanity. And such an one he was, because with true manly courage he took all the burning sorrows of life into his own bosom, and by his own strength endeavoured to quench them. And thereby he teaches us anew to believe in ourselves, and in the power of our own hearts; and if for a moment we are appalled by the wild and darkly-earnest look which flashes forth from beneath that powerful brow, yet about the mouth there plays at the same time that trait of inexhaustible kindliness which is the heritage of all those who have probed humanity to its very roots, and have given to the universal needs of our race, not mockery, but the truest sympathy. Well can we believe what is told us, that when a smile passed over the countenance of the great and hardly-tried man, it was as though the sun were glinting through dark storm-clouds.

And this feeling, that we are in presence of a noble artist, of a man who has helped his fellows over many an hour of sorrow, and possibly even a step further in development, who has unlocked to us his own soul—this feeling it is which seizes upon us, and bids us think of him in all the strength of sacrifice to his great aim, and in all the sacredness of fervour—the great master of sound, *Ludwig van Beethoven*.

MARIAN MILLAR.



## ARE WE MAKING MUSICIANS? \*

ONLY a short time back you suffered three or four men—then known to you only by name—to unfold a scheme in which they were deeply interested; a modest, yet far-reaching scheme; very small and humble in its inception, yet full of meaning, endowed with force and vitality.

We endeavoured to put our ideas plainly and straightforwardly before you, asking you to weigh them well, not to accept them hastily; but, as wise people of business, to consider them fairly, and frankly to state any objections and doubts that you might entertain: and we gladly welcomed the hearty goodfellowship with which you responded, as the strongest evidence that the project was one not commending itself only to the musicians of the northern and midland counties of England, but was calculated to meet a want keenly felt throughout the whole country. Your genial acceptance of our prayer that you would share the labour we had undertaken came very opportunely, vastly strengthening and encouraging us in carrying out the mission work in which we were then engaged.

Our meeting to-day is a ratification of the pledges then given, an evidence of your continued and growing confidence: and I thank you for asking me to be present at this your annual festival, and to share in the joy which must follow your year of good and faithful work. But, in accepting your invitation, I rejoiced all the more because I viewed it as a proof of your loyal adhesion to the society, and of your desire that it should prove a real bond of union between all earnest workers in our profession: and I felt that it would be an insult to you—as well as distasteful to myself—did I, in any degree, fritter away your time, or make light use of such an opportunity as you proposed to afford me of taking counsel with you. Therefore you will, I trust, bear with me if any of my suggestions should prove a little tedious, or fail to commend themselves to your judgment, or—as is far more likely—if they should appear to be made rather late in the day, and as merely sketching out improvements that some of you, long ago, adopted and successfully carried out.

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\* An address delivered at Bristol, at the annual meeting, October 14th, of the South Midland Section of the National Society of Professional Musicians.

In the last number of the *Quarterly Musical Review* there is a paper that demands and deserves serious attention. Dr. Gower states that our first great need—that of greater unity among those absorbed in one kind of work and animated by a like purpose—being, happily, met, we should utilise the facilities thus afforded for the consideration of the wants still remaining and of the best way of relieving them. All our difficulties are, by the organisation which has been effected, brought within the range of attack. Obstacles, with which no one could singly cope, must give way before our united onset. Having gained the impetus of success, we require only to persevere hopefully in order to accomplish all that is really desirable. To define clearly our wants and aims, our duties and the best mode of discharging those duties, should be our first purpose. It is not enough that we should loudly advocate the importance of music among the good influences that are available for the brightening of life, and for the softening of its asperities. Uselessly shall we vaunt its claims as a means of highest mental culture, of expanding the intellect as well as of raising the thoughts, unless by our earnestness and perseverance we show our conviction of the truth and importance of our argument.

Many thoughts spring up as to what is desirable, but all cluster round the great question of the reality and efficacy of our teaching. We must carefully examine our modes of working; and ascertain whether we are—each in her or his little sphere of action—doing all that could be done; not for individual gain, but for the general progress of our art. Is our teaching perfect? Could it, in any way, be improved? Is our aim high enough? Is the limit of our ambition the multiplication of feeble executants of various kinds; or are we making musicians, varying in attainment as in natural fitness and capacity, but all more or less vividly imbued with a feeling of the pervading spirituality of music and with an ever-quickeningsensibility to its influence?

It is not necessary that all lovers of art should unreservedly give themselves to the inculcation of its principles, or to the diffusion of a knowledge of its effects. There must be many degrees of submission to its sway. First, the cooler admirer who is content with the gentle stirrings of a feeble inclination devoid of all impulse to make a heavy sacrifice of time, or attention, or money. He is an amateur—a “lover,” it may be: but the love is somewhat unimpassioned and lifeless. To a far higher devotion does a true, absorbing affection lead. It sways the whole being and bends it to one determined, continued,

unintermitted following. It demands the concentration of every faculty in pursuit of the one object, for which the service of a life seems not too great a cost.

This living principle may be as vivid in the young student as in the veteran artist. But, whether in embryo or in as great maturity as may be reached here, it is the one quality for which all must strive, the one kindling that we must labour to inflame.

To-day we are met together as lovers of music according to our degree, as confirmed followers and as young disciples whose devotion has not yet been fully tested. The oldest and the youngest are interested in the question I am putting, "Are we making, or becoming, Musicians?" Are we in the right way or not? Is our work a delusion, a pottering about the outer edge of that which should thoroughly absorb us, a contentment with the signs and emblems, the mere alphabet of a language; or are we being daily more and more subjugated by the power we cherish, more thoroughly permeated by the spirit we invoke? For, to whatever degree we are going to follow music, I take it that we all wish to make a real progress to the extent of our opportunities; that all, whether teachers, or parents, or pupils, are animated by a desire not to waste time; but that whatever our hands find to do we may do with our might.

I desire then to speak to you frankly concerning that real study of music; of which piano-playing, or organ-playing, or even singing, is but an audible expression, the outward evidence; and, if not a sign having a real significance, the puniest tinkling of cymbals, a confusion of words without meaning, an unnecessary and wearisome disturbance of the "eternal silence."

I do not presume to imagine that I have anything to say that will be absolutely fresh to some of you: and I am not daunted by the thought that what I have in my mind may not appear very new. Indeed, I am rather emboldened by the conviction that I have no novel ideas to offer; for I am not sure that I believe in novelty: I think somebody discovered, long ago, that even then, there was "nothing new under the sun." My desire is simply to start in your minds that responsive vibration which—if I should, happily, succeed—must attest, not only the truth of what I say, but the fact that I have stirred up thoughts that before have often interested you.

Oft-times, in reading a book you must have noticed that the charm you experienced arose, not from an absolutely fresh idea entirely originated by the author's words; but by a thrill of sympathy, responding

instantly to the thought expressed; a feeling that a truth has been propounded that convinced and constrained you; one that you had dimly felt before, although you had not time to follow it out or to fathom its full meaning; and that, possibly, you may never have expressed concisely and definitely even to yourself. But, the moment it was put plainly before you and fairly unfolded, you recognised the idea as agreeing with your own sense of right and your own experience; and you admitted it as an article in your creed of approved truth, because it linked mind to mind; and because you found in your heart a nerve attuned in perfect unison with it, and fitted to respond readily and eagerly to its vibrations.

When the thought has been thus opened out you may have extended it far beyond its tracing by the author of the book you were reading; and have recognised its family likeness and connections, detected its "upper and lower partials," and heard its satellite harmonics. You waited only for the impulse of vibratory initiation, just to have the pendulum of thought set swinging, a simple impulse to turn your mind in a certain direction: and, when that impulse came, you were not content just to say "Aye! Aye!" to it; but it was so akin to your own instincts and temperament that you warmed to it, and followed it through analogies and collaterals; being able to build up, on the mere suggestion of the writer, a congruous, complete, and beautiful artistic vision.

All that I can hope to do to-day is to offer one or two thoughts for your consideration. If they fall dead and cold—eliciting no response, failing to commend themselves to you as demanding instant endorsement—then pass them by as mere idle words, or barren fancies, which put forth no tendrils, have no clinging power, and which fail to spread to and influence other minds, because they embody only an individual, and not a general, feeling.

Having come together, as a kind of congress or parliament of teachers, the first great work we had to undertake was to define what we understand—and what we intend to make the world understand—by the term a "Musician"; to decide whether we can throw any light upon that point, or if we will let the public go on groping and stumbling in all directions, and completely at the mercy of every kind of delusion. What is a "Musician"? Every other discussion must await the answer to that question.

Nay! if you will fairly consider the matter, everything is included in that. Decide what a musician is and you fix his training, adjust his place in society, his claims and a lot of things.

That is precisely what we are attempting to do—to set up a standard, to display our colours.

Some have foolishly challenged the right of our Society to examine. Could absurdity further go? I say it is not merely the privilege, but the bounden duty of the Society to examine. The people of England have a right to demand from the teachers of England a plain statement of the conditions and requirements of musical education; to ask whether they are satisfied with the existing ordeals; and, if not, why they do not speak out, and strive to improve matters. To forego the right to speak, to agitate, to reform, is to give up everything. So long as examinations are required—which will be until no single teacher needs such a stimulus to exertion, and until every parent is able to decide whether, in every educational subject, his children are properly taught—the requirements of the ordeal must govern the nature and sufficiency of the training.

Of course our examinations interfere with the ambitions and interests of many who like to pose as rulers over us. I will not stop—or stoop—to argue with those who are either pecuniarily, or in any other way, interested in perpetuating any pre-existing system of examinations. But I ask:—If the associated teachers of Great Britain are not qualified to judge of the necessary conditions of a fair and searching examination who is? What confers the right to examine, or to interfere at all in educational schemes, to adjust proportionate values to sections of knowledge, or to the details within each department of learning? Is it a right Divine, delegated to some visible authority? Does it rest with the Crown as a personal prerogative, or as a function to be discharged by the Prime Minister, or by the Home Secretary; or, through the Board of Trade, by an irresponsible, invisible nominee?

I once heard a late Archbishop of Canterbury pathetically lament his responsibility in the making of Doctors of Music: and, when I looked at his mild face, listened to the gentle tone of his plaint, and thought of some of those for whose attainments in the mysteries of counterpoint he had rashly stood sponsor, from my heart I pitied him, and the faculty over which he ruled so feebly.

If the source of honour lies within the Church should we not apply for guidance to Deans and Chapters? Have they shown such an interest in, and knowledge of, music as to justify faith in their guidance?

Where shall we seek this authority? If you want to devise a scheme

of technical training do you not go to the technologists? Painters are supposed (perhaps not by some of their critics) to know something about pictorial art. I do not know that I would go to a senior wrangler to compute the proportionate worth of mathematics in a general curriculum; although, having settled that, I think he ought to have a voice in the arrangement of the details of the scientific side of education. And, certainly, to devise a plan for a thorough training in chemistry, I would not trouble a musician; although I do think that upon his own subject he may have something important to say. At any rate, I have seldom heard anyone else publicly intrude upon our domain without his getting lamentably involved and being manifestly a trespasser.

But could anything be more lamentable than for musicians themselves to damage their own cause, to betray their own rights, to insult their own profession and themselves, not only by calmly yielding up, but by absolutely advocating the yielding up of their just claims? Is there any hope for such men? I am glad to say they are all *men*. I have met with no such lack of independence in the more courageous sex. To be a slave is pitiable; but to choose to remain a slave, to boast of slavery, is degradation beyond description.

Our society has taken in hand this first matter; and, by roughly sketching out a system of graded examinations, has done something toward defining what a musician is. Of course, it is not pretended that the sketch is final and perfect; necessarily it could not be, everything human must change. To be reformed, revived ever and anon, is a condition of prolonged and useful life.

But see the healthy vitality of our constitution! You have been examined—one and all—both teachers and taught. But you, also, have been examining. For the first time the young musician has had his inalienable claims admitted; and, through his representative, he comes to our conference, or to a meeting of his section of the society, and offers his suggestions respecting any points needing amendment. Do you imagine that anyone is exempt from continual inspection? Does not the child scrutinise its parents, its teachers, and all its surroundings? Would you debar it from so doing? Is not this weighing of merit the most valuable part of education? Is it not the very object of education, nay, education itself, this testing of values?

A short time ago there was a little flutter in the musical circles. Some rigid adherents to the old system were horrified by the mere suggestion of any interference with, or making light of, the sacred

mysteries of counterpoint. (I am glad to see that they are, now, not so easily startled.) But they said, "Why, you will need to reform the examiners." Reform the examiners! Yes! that was just the necessity. The examiners stopped the way. So long as we blindly submitted to their rule no progress was possible. We had to choose between two or three very respectable, and highly-respected, men and the hundreds of thousands of perplexed students who were wasting their time, and getting out of patience, with old-world nonsense. We had vigorously (and in spite of much contumely) to get our examinations out of the quicksands that would inevitably have swallowed them up bodily; to prune them of the rottenness of ages; to stimulate their life-force until it sprouted healthily and vigorously enough to throw off all parasitic excrescences.

That, in your opinion, this was a good work, and that it has been well done—so far as it has yet been accomplished—is proved by our meeting to-day. You—teachers and taught—have attested your confidence; and, to-day, many neophytes are, with some little solemnity and form, admitted among the undergraduates of a society that has boldly taken up this position:—That the teachers of music ought to have, and that they shall have, that voice in the regulation of matters affecting them and their work which all other teachers, long ago, claimed and won.

I trust that you intend to carry on the work you have so well begun. Your examiners have given you a good report. Let it encourage to further exertion.

In many other districts the examinations are spreading, because they supply one of those "needs" to which Dr. Gower called attention.

London is, pre-eminently, a virgin soil for us; and the Society goes in to till it. Just fancy what we have, already, come to! The children of a city of four millions of inhabitants have, all these years, been kept waiting for, and are now rejoicing in the advent of, the Society's Examiners. The Metropolitan teacher could no more submit his pupils to a rival teacher residing in the same district than could his brother in the country. He is no fonder of a "local representative" than is the provincial teacher. But our Society exactly meets his difficulty. It offers him examiners whose qualifications could not be questioned, and who could have no interest whatever in acting unfairly.

But we do not value our examination scheme merely because it accords better than any previously established test with our require-



ments, but because it may thus be constantly made an incitement to progress, rather than a hindrance. Instead of looking back, of being afraid lest our teaching should lead our students astray by giving them a modern freedom of thought, altogether out of sympathy with the inspectors, we may now go boldly forward.

The efforts of each member of our society should be directed to the perfecting of our code, toward the exclusion from it of every single useless, or out-of-date regulation, toward constituting it an entirely honest and trustworthy proof of musicianship. Zealously we have striven to make it fair to every candidate and to every teacher; to rid it of all fads and fancies; to divest it of all bias in favour of any particular school or narrow line of thought. But in this work all are interested, and all should bear their fair proportion of labour and responsibility. Our society is national in its character as well as in title. Its basis is as broad as is possible, wide enough to uphold all schemes showing catholicity of design and spirit. And it is hoped that the examinations instituted through the society's instrumentality and organisation, may be made to represent and meet the fast deepening desire that all connected with music and its teaching may be brought into the bright light of the sun and be purged from all hindrances, formalities, and old-world nonsense.

Among teachers even of a really high grade there is a danger of resting satisfied with a stereotyped routine. It is quite possible for one, hitherto fairly successful, to feel almost disgusted by the number of new methods and systems always springing up and demanding research into their merits. As we advance in years we must grow yet more and more accustomed to our long-used plans, and averse to change. Of course it would save a vast deal of time and trouble, and some money, if we could make Schmit and Plaidy, and Cramer, and the rest of them suffice as they used to do; if the breaks in every voice would yield after a certain mapped-out course of practice; if our young theorists would puzzle out their exercises as we used to have to do; or if the duller youngsters would, as quickly as their sharper schoolmates, see the heinousness of consecutive fifths and disjointed chords, and the like. But we must continually be looking out for new aids, designing fresh plans, and finding other ways of explaining away difficulties. We must discard our old books if we can find better, however attached to them we may have become. Our old exercises must go; and those long studies which took such a time even to read, and yielded little or no real finger training until they could be

played quickly. Everything must go—however time-honoured—that unnecessarily absorbs time. Every teacher has to shorten his plans, to find out that royal route which was said to be undiscoverable more because nobody troubled himself to search for it than for any better reason. The teacher who rests satisfied with his knowledge (even of teaching) is surely falling behind; and the student cannot stand still either: the world is ever rushing on. Now, among the daily issues from a busy press is there nothing that would help us? Is it *all* rubbish?

We talk and read much about the evils of the "royalty" system, especially in the public singing of songs. There is much more danger—aye! and dishonesty, too—in the exclusive use of non-copyright music. That is a royalty system, also. And a similar evil spreads, like a canker, far and wide; working mischief on all sides. I say, without hesitation, that there are many teachers, up and down the land, who—instead of zealously acquainting themselves with every new work, and keeping themselves on a line with present knowledge and educational facilities—are far too much afraid of buying a piece, a song, or a set of exercises that may, possibly, not prove of much use to them, and which they may not be able easily to pass on. I am often amazed by the confession of those who ought to be ever looking out for anything new and good that they "Don't know" such and such a work. "Is it good?" they will ask: but it is quite evident that they do not intend to spend any money or trouble over its examination.

But, if we mean to advance, if we desire to keep pace with teachers of other subjects, to be fairly entitled to claim an equal place as useful members of society, and as liberal educators of our generation, we must not rest satisfied at any stage of our career. The teacher, of fixed, unalterable plan, is getting too old, is lagging behind; and will soon get hopelessly in the rear.

The younger students, also, I would urge to enlarge their views of music. It is a vast field. Do not (and you need not) spend all your time upon technical difficulties. Strive to penetrate the meaning of the passage that perplexes you, to understand wherein lies the difficulty. Nine times out of ten you will find the obstacle vanish when you gain an intelligent insight into its nature.

And how is your "reading" of music progressing? How do we learn to read? Not by poring over one passage, sentence, or paragraph, or page, or book. I am always glad when a lad—who will not take up a serious book—seizes upon a newspaper. Similarly, I like to hear a

child striving to play, or sing, any music that comes in its way. I will honestly confess that, as a lad, many a time I threw down the wearisome piece, and rushed to the bookcase to get something fresher to practise: and I encourage my youngsters in their attempts to unravel new music, rather than in the devotion to passages that must naturally—even if they never again play them—soon lie within their easy grasp.

Parents of students I would urge to give up the piece periodically prepared for their special delectation or deception; to forego the recited poetry; not to look at the drawing so carefully (and with such waste of time) finished. I would ask them to satisfy themselves that their children are in good hands, and, therefore, *must* progress: at any rate, to let an annual examination, by competent judges, suffice for testing their advance. Let the plant grow, and do not continually be taking it up to see if it is all right.

One especial advantage to the private pupil in our system is that *class* tuition becomes, also, an obvious necessity. The successful teacher is a little reluctant to admit the good of class-training; as the more elementary class instructor often utterly fails to perceive, or to admit, the indispensability of individual superintendence. But neither system is, or could be, quite perfect alone: and I urge upon you the advisability of fully carrying into higher matters the classes you *must* form for going through the questions in the examination book, for ear-training, for harmony, &c. In almost all other studies children have companionship: but their music studies are solitary. Their early artistic life is too isolated, cheerless, and dis-spiriting. They suffer under disadvantages of precisely the same kind as those which led teachers to form our society. We wanted fellowship with sisters and brothers of like tastes and pursuits: so do our younger friends. It should be easy for us to throw them more together, and to engender among them a spirit of enthusiasm and friendly emulation. In the short weekly lesson there is but little time to show the end and aim of all the drudgery, and so to gild and adorn it. Many never realise that there is any artistic goal to be reached; they do not see that there is any Temple at the far end of the long avenue of plodding, and sometimes wearisome, struggling. Their minds are set upon playing or singing with a certain passable degree of inoffensiveness, with a just decent correctness: but there is no eagerness excited to penetrate through the veil that separates between the technical and the spiritual; and that so long

hides the illuminating influence. The weakest points in the ordinary system of private teaching are the want of friendly intercourse between instructor and pupil, and the lack of opportunities for students to compare notes and to interchange ideas with respect to their progress and about artistic matters generally. I would like to throw pupils together occasionally; and to break through the stiffness that generally attaches to their intercourse with their teacher. It would be better, far better, for all.

Surely, when we advance the claims of music as an art and as a science, when we assert (as we are bound to do) that it has an educational force second to none, and in some (and those the loftiest) respects surpassing all, we do not mean thus to extol the mere learning to get through a piano piece without a mistake, or to sing a song with fair tone and carriage of voice. We are not satisfied that our children should aim at a performance fitted only to "please their friends." We must strive to develop them into real, although not devoted, vowed musicians: we should seek to imbue them with a spirit and perseverance capable of carrying them up to lofty heights. There are, in every art, points—bright, sunlit, mountain-tops, that are not visible from the valley-level—not to be seen till we have climbed a little. The guide, knowing the path, should ever encourage the pilgrim until a glimpse of brightness is caught: after that all will go well. But, as it is, the vast majority never perceive the faintest reflection of the beauty of the art; they see nothing in the whole course to repay the labour of their journey; they grow weary and disheartened, and faint by the way. Is this ever our fault? We are conscious, ourselves, of the reward that awaits perseverance: but do we always remember our own early difficulties, and how welcome, then, would have been an encouraging word, a promise of ultimate reward?

School life has many advantages, whatever disadvantages it may have. It should bring a child's character, abilities, and whole conduct under the constant and earnest notice of a teacher in every way qualified to guide that child aright. In the complicated arrangements of what we call civilisation, or society, parental responsibilities are, and must be, to a large extent delegated to others. To stand in the parental position, teachers must have children under their eye, not only for a short lesson in each week, but frequently, and under varying conditions. No teacher can efficiently discharge her or his duty without an analysis of the child's temperament and disposition. And school life brings companionship, sympathy, and a desire not to be last in the race.

School life leads gradually and naturally to college life, with its less close individual supervision, its greater self-reliance, display of character, and unfolding of propensities. This is the stage where the higher influence of the training begins to be more appreciated. What have we analogous to this? Ignoring the necessity for it only shows that we do not understand the natural growth and expansion of the human mind and capacity.

Sometimes our best pupils go off in search of a something which they vaguely—but, I hope, acutely—feel they have not at home; and so we lose the credit and the pleasure of finishing the training of those whose early steps we have guided; of giving the artistic crown to those who, probably, owe to us their very desire to win that crown.

In every way, what a loss! A loss to the teacher, because it robs him of the pleasantest part of his work; and a loss to the pupil, inasmuch as it subjects him to a new direction, which is sure to depreciate the old, and from which he is certain to return puffed up with a conceit that only two or three years of real rough work, in a vigorously buffeting world, will eradicate. And, more than all, a loss to English music; for if our best pupils go abroad just at a time when their quickening faculties are tending this way and that, sending out in all directions feelers and tendrils eagerly seeking to lay hold of something firm and reliable to guide and support them, when their faith is not yet firm and consolidated, but they still are yearning for some new doctrine and ready to worship at any pretentious shrine—if, I say, at such an impressionable age, they must be subjected to the fantastic crazes of a school which, in the interval before any new great architect arises, is employed in mixing up the most incongruous styles—which, until a new cook comes, is hashing up all the fragmentary odds and ends of the feasts of past generations—how, I ask, is our English music ever to be advanced, consolidated, and branded with its national stamp?

And, just now, how is our music being stamped? The hall-mark is that of a feeble, and an enfeebling, struggle after a third-rate excellence, of a blind following of the blind. It is not simply a perversion of taste, a dragging of national tendencies out of their course, a wrenching aside and warping of the artistic instincts of the race, that we have to complain of. Far more than that! We protest against the laboured originality which is the grossest imitation; against the doctrine that music is not necessarily beautiful, but may be ugly, crude, and inharmonious, if only it be striking, highly coloured, and melodramatic.

There is just this amount of excuse for us. From a too rigid fettering there must come the natural rebound, or else a total loss of elasticity and power would ensue. Against a too dogmatic creed there will, sooner or later, inevitably be a revolt.

In thinking over our "needs," then, as Dr. Gower asked us, we cannot fail to perceive that we are bound to utilise our new organisation, first by defining clearly what are the essential qualities and characteristics of a musician, and then by endeavouring to ascertain how far we are making musicians, how thoroughly we are striving to come and bring others up to the standard we raise. In carefully considering the position, I honestly feel that we have, throughout the kingdom, many teachers (I see some of them before me now) as good as the world can show; women and men heartily desiring to do their duty, animated by lofty aims, and well able to carry out their purpose. They are zealously, indefatigably, and quietly going on with their work, and raising the artistic tone which surrounds each of them in her, or his, little sphere. Nothing could atone for the loss of their constant and careful supervision. We must have the closest intercourse between teacher and pupil: and my earnest advice to my younger friends, and to all parents, is—Get the very best personal instruction you can afford; find the best teacher in your district; and pay adequately for the invaluable help which that able guide will give you.

But upon the teacher I would urge the consideration whether, in the anxiety about each individual student in turn, there is not a danger of losing sight of that higher leading which seems to require fellowship. I hold that it would be well for all that, as students progress, the essential differences between early school and the more advanced college training should be recognised; that the lessons should sometimes grow more general, take in wider ranges of thought, be more of the nature of lectures. I would have the class (which must be established for rudimentary training), carried on throughout the whole course: every teacher gathering her or his pupils periodically—say, one afternoon in each week—not to exhibit them as an advertisement of the results of a system, not for a pupil's concert or for any kind of display, but for a practical and friendly lesson in the loftier and more æsthetic aspects of the student's training. As that gathering should be a continuation, without break, of the class for more purely technical guidance I may suppose that the alphabet of most sections of study will have been mastered, and even a



considerable progress made in the grammar of our art, so that the higher and more refined influences may, henceforward, be usefully considered. The harmony lesson will be less commonplace and formal, and more subtle and discriminating; treating of nicer gradations of tendency and inclination. A little music will be played or sung and its full meaning elucidated, together with the varied effects derivable from different phrasing and accentuating, as well as from slight alterations of the melody; or its warmer or colder harmonic clothing. Examples of orchestration will be dissected, and variously coloured by changing the instrumentation. Then there is a wide field of "chamber music" to be explored; the work and influence of national schools touched lightly; points in the history of music; the peculiarities of this or that author, and the divergence (temporary or otherwise) which he caused in the stream of continued progress. All these, and many other topics, must suggest themselves to the thoughtful teacher accustomed to take a wide, liberal, and comprehensive view of his subject. Thus will be created a matured love of art, without which all mere technical lessons are the driest of dry bones, the most unmeaning of all meaningless jargona. Thus must the guide establish firm and lasting relations with her, or his, followers; must bridge over the period when the arbitrary, dogmatic teaching must cease—if, indeed, it should ever begin!—and establish that friendly feeling, which would prolong, under a slightly changed aspect, the companionship, which seldom need be broken abruptly (as it too often is) just at the time when the young growth ought to be beginning to bear fruit, and to show the purport of its early culture and care. And a spirit of emulation would be fostered; not so much a desire to pass or get beyond a companion as a scorn of being left behind; and, far better, an eagerness would be created to press on, stimulated by an ever-increasing perception of the nearer approach of a fuller and clearer vision of beauty. The solitary technical exercises of the pupil would be invested with a new meaning and aim, and enlivened by the enthusiasm of a real and keen student.

This is our greatest "need," and should be the crowning point of all our labour. We do not want conservatoires: they are too costly, too far away from our homes, and too little like home or that real school-life which brings each child constantly under the attention of a sympathetic teacher. We do not want children's musical education to be farmed: to have pupils huddled together in droves, like sheep or convicts. Excellent technical training, combined with close personal supervision and study



of individual character, can be had by those who like to pay for it and to utilise it. Nothing will do instead of it.

The higher class work that I ask you think about—if you have not already tried it, as very probably you may have done—necessitates but the formation of a compact circle of kindred tastes, the association of those following one pursuit under one guide, the knitting together of those who, by helping one another, must be helping themselves and advancing their own progress in art.

I hope, and believe, that you will agree with me, that by such a plan we must be enabled to fill up the only gap in our general system of musical tuition; to encourage our young people by showing more sympathy with them, and a firmer belief in their power and earnestness; and to kindle in them such a truly artistic feeling as to justify the boast that we really are making—not mere executants, more or less skilled, but—Musicians.

HENRY HILES.

## A STRANGER'S VISIT.

### V.

AFTER this, Hunyady was oftener seen belowstairs. He passed some hours of each day either in the little music-room or in the garden behind the house. Occasionally he sat for a while with Mrs. Brandon in the family sitting-room, though of her he saw less and less as he progressed from invalidism. He enjoyed the brief chats that the busy and cheery-tempered music-master could afford; but with the boys older than Willie he had nothing to do. Their feelings towards him were confused between awe of a public character and distrust of a foreigner and a player on the piano, and they avoided him with shy pride. But Margery was often to be found when looked for, and she had always interest and sympathy ready to listen or to talk. Though she was so much younger than he, there was a possibility of mental communion between them; and the fresh, shy nature that shone from the girl's eyes—eyes whose expressive beauty he never failed to note—excited in him more interest than an older and stronger one might have done. He fancied he detected some depth in this quiet pool, a power of poetry if not of passion little suspected beneath the still surface. It would be interesting to find if his conjecture were true; to look down into the waters that—though possibly rising to the flood-time that comes alike to human heart and mountain well—had so far lain quiescent in unnoticed shadow. And though it often happens that those who look into still pools find therein the reflection of their own image, the process has never been found less satisfactory for that.

One afternoon, Hunyady had discovered Margery in the garden. She held in her hand a nosegay, yet unfinished, which she had just been gathering. As he came up to her, his arm still bound and helpless, but with an elasticity of step that bespoke physical well-being, he smiled with an air of gaiety.

"So! mein Fräulein, I know now whence come the flowers that fill my room with so sweet a scent."

She blushed and smiled back at him. "Yes," she answered, in the sweet tone of voice that was one of her charms, "but I think now their

office is over. They were meant to brighten an invalid's room, as a sentimental but useless comfort for a poor, sick, inconsolable exile. But he doesn't exist now ; or at least he can enjoy them where they grow."

"Then give them to me now, Fräulein Marie," he said boldly, holding out his hand.

"That isn't my name," she answered evasively.

"But I cannot say your name. Listen !" He tried, and she laughed, 'And what your cousin called you is worse. Now I can say 'Marie' ; it is a name of my own tongue, and it is part of yours ; and it is necessary that friends should have a name to call each other by. You are my friend, Fräulein Brandon ?" The question brought a glow into her face, but she looked at him rather sadly, and shook her head.

"No."

"No ! Why not ?"

"Friendship is equal, and—and—you are too far above me."

The look as well as the words were irresistible. With a low laugh he caught the flowers and the hand that held them. "I will teach you differently. And these are mine : friends take gifts one from another."

Margery did not speak, and they sauntered further along the path. At the turn they were visible from the dining-room window, which looked out upon the garden.

"Ah !" ejaculated one of two gentlemen who sat within, with a start of interest. "Who have you there ? Hunyady !"

"Yes," Mr. Brandon answered. "Would you like to see him ?"

"I should, thank you ; but first I want to have a few words with you on the matter which brought me here."

"Certainly. And what may that be, Dr. Wallis ?"

It was an unusual thing for Mr. Brandon to receive a visit from his highly-esteemed brother professional, and his curiosity was aroused. As he stood with his back to the fire-place, and a smile on his full face, he had the air of grudging very little indeed this half-hour snatched from a holiday that he generally spent with his family.

The man before him was of another type. He was spare and rugged in make ; his stiff grey hair seemed to heighten a high, narrow forehead ; and his glance, beneath shaggy and overhanging brows, was piercing.

"It is about your nephew, Edgar Brandon," he replied.

"Oh !" Mr. Brandon was surprised, and the artificial smile vanished from his face.

"You know perhaps that he has been studying music with me for some little time."

"I suppose so."

"Well, he has come now to a determination, so he tells me, to take up music as a profession."

"That's nonsense," Mr. Brandon broke forth in tones of unmistakable irritation. "I hope you have not encouraged him in this notion, Dr. Wallis!"

"I cannot say that I have discouraged him," his visitor replied rather slowly; "for I am not without sympathy for the boy's aspirations. He has unquestionable talent: in my long career of teaching I have never met with so promising a pupil as he, nor with one possessed of such original notions. It seems to me that if his gifts had been discovered young, as they easily might have been, and he had been trained with an absolute view to a professional career, he might have made a mark on his age as a musician, and left a name behind him. As it is, much valuable time has been wasted; in fact, the best years of his youth are lost, and it will be hard, if possible, to make them good."

"Very true: I hope you have made him understand that."

Dr. Wallis made a slight gesture of disavowal. "What use is there," he observed, "in depressing the lad? He already feels bitterly enough the fact that he has been tied up to an employment utterly unsuitable for him."

A flush spread over Mr. Brandon's countenance. "It was his own father's wish that he should be what he is," he remarked with the air of one defending himself. "When my brother died, he looked to me to get the boy placed in some branch of mercantile life. I did it, though at some inconvenience, for it is not easy to find a post where even a small salary is given to start with."

"Edgar knows it," Dr. Wallis hastened to say, "and it is his father's desire that has kept him bound these years to an occupation he dislikes, and which is certainly not suited to his abilities. I respect him that he has so long struggled with himself—for it has been a struggle, and one that has not been good for his nature. But now he is determined to decide for himself; he has come almost to man's estate, and has a private judgment of his own, which he feels he has a right to use. He will make the plunge, whether it be a desperate one or not; and I should like to be sure, in case the lad does not swim—and you know that the waters of our musical life are not particularly buoyant—that there will be a friendly spar at hand to save him from sinking."

"But I don't see how he can be helped," Mr. Brandon answered.

"What does he propose to do? It would be very risky for me to recommend him—as a teacher, for instance—when I don't know what he's worth."

"No; and the piano is not his forte. He plays the violin well, but it would scarcely be advisable for him to take a minor place in a band. The pay is miserable, and the life is apt to drag a man down and keep him in a groove. He tells me his father played at one of the London theatres."

The mention of this was a mistake. A look of annoyance crossed the music-master's face. "His father had not an atom of common sense," he asserted; "and Edgar promises to be the same. From first to last he was impracticable, and the family simply had to give him up."

"A man of surprising talent, though, from what I learn from Edgar," Dr. Wallis remarked, passing over what seemed an unpleasant subject. "However, Edgar might take a post as organist; and that, may be, will be the only course open to him if he cannot have a few years of freedom for study. It is wonderful what he has done with a few hours snatched from his daily toil; but it isn't enough. He wants leisure to think and work. It is in composition he will shine; and it seems grievous that he has not scope to pursue it."

"But you know as well as I, Dr. Wallis, that it is folly for a man to look to composition for his main support in England. It is not wanted, or, at any rate, not paid for. It may bring a man honour, if he happen to have a cathedral post; but, without that to back him up, he had better never waste his time with putting notes on paper."

A very slight movement of the brows betrayed that the remark was felt. Dr. Wallis had himself composed several excellent musical works that had been neither printed nor performed.

"Well, well, Mr. Brandon," he said, with a certain enforced gentleness of speech, "your clear sense on this point is no doubt very wise; but, do what we will, neither experience nor wisdom will check youth in its headlong career after achievement. And I am glad of it. To stop endeavour on the ground of probable failure is to stultify existence and to kill progress. For my part, if I could persuade Edgar Brandon, for the certainty of a pound a week as a bank clerk, and the prospect of a rise and a manager's post in the future, which would enable him to live comfortably, marry, and have children—if for these he would give up his musical ambition, with its uncertainty of pecuniary reward, I should not think as well of him as I do."

"Then all I can say is that those who like to run risks must bear the consequences."

"Edgar is willing to do that, I am sure; and I believe he will succeed. He is of the tough sort. Still, if he has a good chance he will succeed the sooner, and love the world the better for it."

"And what do you call a good chance?"

"Well, if he could have a year or two at some foreign *conservatoire*, or be apprenticed to a good musician, it would be a great thing for him, for he is really not fitted to earn money by music yet. I suppose, now, Mr. Brandon, you or one of your brothers could not manage to give him an opportunity of that sort?"

The question sounded forced in the end, and Dr. Wallis saw at once that he might as well never have put it.

"I certainly cannot answer for my brothers," Mr. Brandon answered, with little pause, "but I think I may say that they, like myself, have responsibilities enough without adding to them. They have children whose future they have to provide for; and to add to that the support of a young man able to keep himself, in order that he may carry out a mad whim of his own, is more than can be reasonably expected of them. However, I will speak to Edgar myself on the subject: he may yet be dissuaded."

"But I must beg you not to mention my visit. He does not know of it, and might not like it."

Something like relief showed itself on Mr. Brandon's face. "Of course, if he is proud and touchy, it will be difficult for either you or me to help him. I see Hunyady is still in the garden. Will you come out and speak to him?"

Dr. Wallis rose with alacrity. The interview was becoming vexatious, for no ground was gained, and sympathy was being lost. It was well to have a change. So he followed Mr. Brandon through the low French window that opened to the ground, and round the shrubs that hid the lawn. Hunyady and his companion were coming slowly up from the bottom of the garden. The pianist's head was thrown back with an air of contentment and ease, and his unmaimed hand heedlessly clasped some flowers.

"And who is this," he asked, "who comes towards us with your father?"

"This?" repeated Margery, looking now attentively before her. "Oh, this is Dr. Wallis, Edgar's master, an organist of the town, and a musician."

"A musician, at last! I had begun to think there were none here."

"Oh," she remonstrated, "we have plenty of musicians."

"Yes! Only they do not come here."

"Papa is so busy, you see; he cannot often see his friends."

"He goes, I suppose, to the club, where they all meet together. I wish he would take me with him some time."

Margery looked at him with surprise. It was the first time she had heard of a musicians' club; but they were now close to the two gentlemen, and there was no need to reply. Hunyady was introduced to Dr. Wallis, and both seemed cordially pleased to see each other. The foreigner had a fellow-feeling for his kind that extended beyond nationality, and the Englishman was great enough to look without jealousy on a man younger than himself who had achieved a wider fame. He was genuinely interested, and he had the generosity enough to keep his admiration to the fore.

"Forgive me that I cannot shake you by the hand," Hunyady said, who understood that this was an indispensable ceremony in England—and, indeed, Dr. Wallis had found his salutation very bare without it—"but you see that my arm is useless."

"Ah! yes. I was sorry indeed to hear of your accident. But have you ever heard our proverb, 'It's an ill wind that blows no one any good'? We shouldn't have had you here now but for it."

Hunyady laughed; and Mr. Brandon, seeing his guests had a desire for further talk, proposed an adjournment to the house. But to this the foreigner objected: the day was fine, and could they not take seats in the garden, in the manner of his country? So they retired to the bench beneath the pear-tree, and Margery was despatched to the house for wine and cigars.

"And you actually cannot play?" Dr. Wallis continued. "That is bad."

"Yes, yes; yet, greatly as I need sympathy, I think my kind friend, Mr. Brandon, needs it more. It was he who rescued me from that frightful hotel, where I think I should have died, and he has had me on his hands ever since. It is time that I showed him my gratitude by leaving him."

"Not at all," Mr. Brandon said, with evident good humour. "You must not talk about going yet awhile: we are proud to have you."

"I hope, before you go," Dr. Wallis urged, "that you will give us another opportunity of hearing you perform. The town did not welcome



you adequately at your recital, I grant ; but it would be another matter if you gave a second. There are hundreds waiting to hear you.'

"I meant, of course, to give a second, but that is already far behind me in point of time, as well as engagements in London and in half-a-dozen other towns whose names I cannot remember. This week I am due in Leipsic, next week in Berlin, where I have arrangements to make for the opera which I am commissioned to write."

"Well, well, you can't fetch up all this," Dr. Wallis remarked, "so you must be content to wipe it out. And don't be in a hurry to begin afresh. A man needs a rest now and then, accident or no accident, who lives at the rate that you must do ; and it is perhaps as well when he is obliged to take it. Can't you compose here?"

"I have sent for the words of my opera, and shall try."

"Good! Then your time won't hang heavy on your hands. It's a great interest, composition, isn't it?"

"Do you compose?"

Dr. Wallis acknowledged that he did.

"What? Opera?"

"No, there isn't a chance for opera here. Cantatas, Church music, part-songs, organ works are more in my line."

"It would give me great pleasure to hear one of your compositions."

The English musician actually blushed with gratification, but then his face changed.

"I wish I could afford you the opportunity," he said ; "but it is one I am waiting for myself, and shall wait, maybe, until I die."

"What! have your works never been performed?"

"My two larger ones have not."

"That is terrible."

"It is bearable, like every other misfortune. And there is other work in life worth doing, eh, Brandon?—passing on one's knowledge to others, sowing seed in hopes it will bear fruits of future greatness."

"Certainly," the host promptly replied. "Only one sometimes has to sow it on very stony ground ; and it's a good deal of trouble to scratch a bit of soil over it to make it spring."

After a moment's silence, Hunyady said, "I wish that I could hear some of your English music. You have music? Yes?"

"Oh, decidedly," Mr. Brandon replied.

"Have you heard none but your own since you have been in England?" Dr. Wallis asked, thinking he had lighted upon one of the limitations of acknowledged greatness.

"I have heard music, but not music of the English. The *artistes* I have met have been visitors like myself, or residents in a foreign country."

Dr. Wallis had it in his mind to remark that he had been unfortunate, and then refrained.

"It has been said to me," Hunyady resumed, leaning back and clasping his crossed leg with his hand, "that the English have no true faculty for music; that their instruments are out of tune, and that their voices too are out of tune. But for my part I do not believe it. I have already heard one English singer whose ear is perfect, and in whom song is a pure and spontaneous gift."

His voice had become low and full, and his eyes dwelt upon Margery, who stood by the wicker table where she had placed the wine. But the direction of his glance was unnoticed by the other men, and Dr. Wallis answered him in a rallying tone.

"You think, eh, that Shakspeare described the whole nation in Bottom's boast, 'I have a reasonable good Ear in Music; let us have the Tongs and the Bones'? Come, our enemies are malicious. We must show you differently, and give you cause to contradict them in the future. You must hear some English music."

"With all my heart: it is what I wish."

Then there was a pause; the English men of music looked down, in a ruminating manner, and Margery looked at them with anxious appeal.

"Take me first of all to the Opera House of your town," Hunyady said.

They all glanced at him then, with evident surprise.

"But we haven't got an Opera House," Dr. Wallis answered with a grim laugh.

"No Opera House!" he echoed. "In this great and wealthy town of yours! How, then, do you hear music?"

"A strolling company comes round once or twice a year."

"But how is your national opera supported?"

"To tell you the truth," Dr. Wallis admitted, seeing that defence of a non-existing institution was impossible, "we have no national opera. Most of the works given in English are translations: there are not more than half-a-dozen written in the language. An Englishman of talent has to go to Italy or Germany to write operas."

"Yet the performance of Italian opera in London has always been renowned for splendour and expense."

"Yes! operatically we have been more Italian than the Italians. They have patronised a countryman like Baffe, as they patronised Gluck, and Handel, and Mozart before him."

"Your country, then, is in the condition of Germany before Mozart? You need a man like Weber to do battle with the foreign element, and popularise what is national."

"Well, there are signs of better things to be seen. Italian opera is no longer the institution it was, and a young composer has just made a hit in London in English opera, with the aid of a witty libretto. I hope he may succeed, though the music is of a light kind."

"Meanwhile, what is the music I can hear in Coalburn?"

There was a pause again, before Mr. Brandon answered, "The fact is, there is very little music going on at this season. The concerts are over."

"But if it is Herr Schultz's concerts you speak of, they would not be new to me. It is native music I want to hear."

"There is our Church music," Margery ventured now to suggest, as she perceived the difficulty of the moment: "that is always going on. And if you want to hear the best that we have, Herr Hunyady, you must go to St. Jude's, and hear Dr. Wallis's choir sing, or listen to his organ-play. He is a noted trainer of voices in these parts."

"Thank you, Miss Margery," the organist replied, looking up with a smile. "My choir is not up to the mark I should like, but such as it is I shall be happy to show it off to Herr Hunyady, and he shall judge if English voices can sing in tune."

"There is your choral society, Wallis," Mr. Brandon now bethought him to mention, though his air was doubtful.

"It's just disbanded for the summer, and I'm not at all satisfied with it. There are a few weak voices in it that spoil the rest. But if Herr Hunyady will consent to stay a few weeks with us I can get together a class of far better voices in North Lancashire, and I would undertake to prepare with them a cantata of his own."

"I wish I could promise it, for then I would insist that the work should be yours; but that may not be."

"Well, then, here is something else. I know some men in a colliery district not far from here who can make excellent string-music. Will you come with me to hear them?"

"Yes, willingly."

"They are poor men, you must understand, quite of the people; but

they can play some of the best chamber-music of Germany, and—yes! yes!—I think I can promise you some English music of that class also.”

“Excellent! And when shall it be?”

“It must be a Saturday afternoon, when they are at liberty. I will get them together next week, just for an ordinary music-meeting. They shall not suspect, I promise, that a great man is coming to hear them.”

“And to-morrow I meet you at your church?”

“Well, well, if you will have it so,” cried Dr. Wallis, delighted, as he rose to take leave. “Then let it be evening, at St. Jude’s.”

And he departed with a pleasant sense of exhilaration.

## VI.

SUNDAY morning dawned bright and sunny, the last of a string of days that had done credit to May. Hunyady sought out a religious service of the creed to which he belonged, while Mr. Brandon and his family betook themselves to a neighbouring church. The only absentee from the music-master’s devotional group of children was Ernest, who had long ago discovered that the restraints of professed worship were distasteful to him, and, choosing always the easiest way out of a difficulty, he generally arranged on the first morning of the week the pretext of a headache, or a stiff ankle from yesterday’s sports, instead of expressing his open conviction to his father. Afternoon in the house was almost as quiet as the morning. Mr. and Mrs. Brandon shut themselves up in the dining-room, as if an important family council were about to take place; though it was tacitly understood that in half-an-hour’s time they might, by an unmannerly intruder, be found napping opposite to each other in their easy chairs. The boys racketted about the house with a preliminary stir and slamming of doors; then they dispersed, and there was absolute peace. Ernest and Hal were off, cigars in mouth, to a neighbouring park, where pretty girls were known to pass; a younger brother had carried a book of an un-Sabbatical kind to the recesses of a top bedroom; and one or two more, Margery was quite sure, from the subdued sounds that came through the floor of the little music-room, were engaged in a piece of nefarious carpentering in the cellar.

She took a book and sauntered into the garden, and sat down on the bench that was yesterday occupied by the men of music. Something of the dullness of Sunday rested on her, too; and as she laid her volume down, her thoughts wandered to the talk she had heard there. It had surprised as well as interested her. With a mind fresh and unprejudiced,

she had received German music with enthusiastic delight, as the highest expression of the art yet attained to. She had desired no other, and the question of nationality had never occurred to her. But now that Hunyady had expressed the wish to know something of the music of her country, she longed to show him great achievements in that direction, to surprise him by the talents and abilities of her countrymen.

"We *must* have plenty of music of our own," she thought, "only papa never talks of it. There must be other boys like Edgar, wanting to compose; and there must have been men like his father, who did compose. Why doesn't one hear of them? Of course there was Sterndale Bennett, but it was the Germans who made such a fuss about him; and, let me see, there was Pinto, and Field, and Arne, and Balfe, and I suppose a whole host of Church composers. I wonder if any other English girl, whose father belongs to the profession, is as ignorant of English music as I am?"

Her meditations gave her no confidence on the subject, so when Hunyady came across the garden and sat down by her it was well that he spoke of something very different.

"Fräulein Marie," he began, "I have received this morning the libretto of my opera."

"Yes! Does it please you?"

"Not altogether. I am not satisfied with the heroine of the story. She may be beautiful and devoted, yes; but she should be also—how shall I say it?—great, capable of thought and sympathy."

"You want someone who is not quite a doll?"

"Doll?" Then, when she explained. "Ah, so! that is it."

"And who is the author of your libretto?"

"A young poet of Germany, a friend of mine. He has chosen his subject well, I think. Shall I tell to you the story?"

"If you please."

"Then let me speak in German—it is so much easier and quicker. You will understand me—yes?"

"Let me try."

"Then," he commenced in German, "the time chosen is the early part of the thirteenth century, when crusading was at its height, or, rather, just before it began to wane. The hero is a knight, who belongs to the religious order of Teutonic Knights, a secular body of men of noble birth, as you will remember, who were bound by vows of poverty and celibacy to fight for the Church and their Order. He has fought in

Palestine well and long, until he is despatched by his head, the Grand Master, to the court of a certain powerful German noble, there to assist in organizing and leading a band of Crusaders to the Holy Land. But when he reaches the castle of the count he finds him at warfare with a neighbouring prince. He stays to help him fight his battles, waiting for peace to fulfil his mission. Now the count has a daughter—Bertha by name—young, fair, and good; and the knight, strong and doughty though he is, finds that he is as powerless as a stripling before her glances. He loves her; and one day, when he rides into the gateway of the castle at the head of his troops, pale and wounded, having avenged the death of her father on the foe who slew him, he learns that she loves him. Then his heart is hot within him; he tells her his love; and, if she will but live for him, he says he will give up his name and his faith, and carry her to some far land where excommunication cannot reach them, and where no ecclesiastical law fetters men to their misery, or stamps as vice what is true and right. She consents——”

Up to this point in the narrative, Margery's eyes had been fixed on a distant object, but now she turned quickly towards him.

“Oh, no!” she cried, “that is a mistake. She was good, you say?”

“Yes.”

“Then she could not consent.”

“But she loved him.”

“That might be. But she would never give herself to the man who had left his faith and his God for her.”

Hunyady seemed disposed to argue the point.

“It would not be leaving his God. It would be but giving up a form of ecclesiasticism that was not religion in itself.”

“It was religion to that age and to her; and it was what he had vowed himself to. To break a vow, whether of religion or marriage, when it has proved itself a mistake or a disappointment, can never be right.”

Her voice, though low, trembled with earnest feeling.

“You think that, *Fraulein Marie*?” he asked, with a seriousness equal to her own.

“Oh, I am sure of it. Then, don't you see, even if his faith—or the form of it—had seemed to him hollow and pernicious before, the moment of temptation was not the time to cast it off. We cannot then choose between right and wrong: we lean towards what we wish.”

“Then might not Bertha yield?”

"Ah! she might, if she were a weak and silly woman. But we don't want such put before us for examples. We want to have shown to us, in parable and poetry and drama, strong, true natures, who can help us in our own lives. And there are such, I am sure."

"I am sure of it, too," he said, in a low voice. "Still," he continued, "whether right or wrong, the heroine of my friend's story consents. Let me tell you how it ends. It is necessary, to carry out their plans, that they exercise caution. Her father is dead, and a distant heir takes possession of his lands. The knight, after vainly seeking release from his vows from the Pope, starts for the Holy Land with the band of pilgrims who are prepared to follow him. Bertha follows also, disguised as a youth intended for the services of the Church; and in the small company is a monk of dark visage, in reality a disappointed lover of Bertha's, who has penetrated their design, and meditates revenge. They reach Syria, where meanwhile the Saracens have gathered in great numbers, and are harassing the land by skirmishes. The knight distinguishes himself, and leads his little band in triumph to Jerusalem. Then, having performed his mission, he returns no more to Acre, to the Grand Master of his Order, but, alone with the youth of the golden curls, and angel face, and saintly garments, he rides eastward, beyond the realms of Christianity. They come at last to a pleasant valley, where verdure clothes the rocky land; and there, where a spring bubbles up beneath the shade of great trees, they draw rein. He lifts her from her horse; then, first throwing on one side the white mantle with the black cross, the badge of the Order he now renounces, he leans towards her and kisses her. She is his. But even while he presses her curly head against his breast, that she may not see the fierce joy of his face, a sound of tramping hoofs is heard; and looking up, they see horsemen approach. Almost at once they are surrounded by armed men—all of them, except the black-faced monk, wearing short white mantles above their armour. They are his "*Brüder*," his fellow-knights, come at the instigation of the priest to carry him off to justice. Putting his love behind him, he takes his stand, and fights to the death. As he drops, covered with wounds, Bertha falls upon his body, catches his rapier, and stabs herself."

Margery's face was white. "Oh, I am glad!" she said.

"Glad!" Hunyady echoed. "But it is a dismal ending, mein *Fräulein*."

"It is the only one possible. But why not make the plot different?"

"How?"



"Well—well—I hardly know. But, first of all, Bertha must refuse. They must part at her father's castle, with many tears, and few hopes, though he is to try for a dispensation from the Pope. Then, after all, she might follow him, though he does not know it."

"Not know it?"

"No, don't you see? she longs to be near him, but will not endure that he should break his vow or stoop to subterfuge. So she follows him, secretly from himself."

"Ah! I see. The same with a difference."

"The difference is everything."

"And do you think he would not find her out?"

"He might not in the story. In the band of Crusaders she might pass unobserved. Or he might suspect, try to talk with the young acolyte, love him a little for the resemblance he bears to his beloved."

"Well? And then?"

"Then—then—let me see. In one of those skirmishes in the Holy Land, the knight might be taken prisoner by the Saracens, his route having been betrayed to them by the black-faced priest, who bargains with them that he and Bertha alone should be left unmolested. But she, desperate, follows to their camp, with a friendly native to act as interpreter, and professes to have come on an embassy for the release of their prisoner. The religious dress she wears deceives them; but he, standing by with his guard, suddenly sees in the golden-haired young priest the woman he loves, who for love of him has followed him into danger. As she bargains with the Saracens that she should remain with them as hostage while the knight rides away, presumably for ransom, he steps forward, and tells her in his own tongue that he knows her, and will never again leave her. She entreats him to be reasonable and to save himself; and while they talk, with the joy of recognition kindling their hearts in spite of their danger, the traitor monk steps in, and discloses to the Saracens her sex and her stratagem. Then, if you like, that dying scene might take place; but the knight must die, not by the sword of the Order he has repudiated but by the enemies of his faith."

"And do you think it likely a woman would dare so much as that?"

"I think so: one can imagine it, and I suppose imagination has never yet exceeded actuality in the affairs of men."

"But it is different from being led to act for herself, and to follow him unknown; is that not too difficult?"

"It would be easier for a brave woman than to let him spoil his life with dishonour; for if he were to give up his faith for her, she must lose faith in him."

"And what am I to say to my friend the poet? Must I tell him that his estimate of woman is false?"

"No! you will make his version beautiful with music, and no one will mind. Men will say it is true."

"Fräulein Marie, I will have the libretto altered: woman shall speak for herself in you."

She shook her head, as if she did not quite believe in this, and she said, "How I should like to hear your opera, and see it when it is played!"

"Perhaps you will—who knows? And you will try over for me the songs of Bertha as I write them, yes?"

She smiled an eager, radiant smile of participation, and the light of enthusiasm shone in her eyes.

"I feel almost," she said with a little laugh, "as if I were helping to write an opera myself."

"So you are," he answered gravely.

After tea, a small party set out with Hunyady to hear the English Church service musically performed. In the absence of his guest, Mr. Brandon had declared it to be a great nuisance to have to go so far as Sandley on a Sunday evening; but when, at the tea-table, Margery had petitioned to be allowed to go, and Willie had added his voice to hers, he took up the idea with more zest: it seemed so much easier when his own children thought it worth doing.

It was a long expedition, truly. They had to go to the centre of the town and take train for a suburb on the other side. Margery could not help regretting, as she walked through the streets with Willie, behind the gentlemen, and noticed the foreigner turning his head observantly from side to side, that her father should be heedlessly leading them a short cut to the station by back streets and narrow ways. She thought of that foreign city Hunyady had told her of, that was his home; of the broad full river sweeping between a dual town; of the central rock-crowned citadel, with its ancient palace and church, and the vine-clad country stretching beyond. Never had this town of hers, close-pressed and soot-begrimed, seemed so hideous as now, when she looked at it through another's eyes, and when too the busy toilers that gave it meaning if not comeliness were absent from its thoroughfares. It seemed a vacant

Hades, a place where Nature and Beauty had no place. Nature here? Nay, it was mother earth, perhaps, that gave these bricks and flags ground for standing and support for grappling foundations, but it was covered up, defiled, and sightless; and the sky above, even if the tall warehouses were climbed to reach free air, could not be seen for the hanging smoke that crept from countless dwellings. And the few men to be met, moving inertly along the streets, with pale sickly faces, that showed no joy of holiday, or reeling tipsy from out the doors of the gin-palaces on the route, showed no better than the place. Bad and debauched men might be everywhere—in that far-away city with its blue sky and pure river—but surely nowhere were they tempted by pleasures so hideous and unenthralling as these. After one glimpse of an interior presented by the slamming of a bar-parlour door, Margery turned away her eyes with that sudden sickening sensation of sadness that comes upon us all when the unsolved problem of human nature, with its needs and its limitations, is forced upon us.

It was a relief to pass out at last into wider streets, and reach the railway terminus. They found Dr. Wallis at the station with Edgar Brandon, who were both going to Sandley by the same train. Margery had not seen her cousin since the evening when she had made music with him, and it struck her that his expression was graver than usual. On his part, too, he thought he saw in her a changed look.

"You here, Margery!" he remarked, with a certain surprised emphasis, as he shook hands with her.

"Yes; Herr Hunyady is going to hear Dr. Wallis's service."

"Oh, I know; I am here for no other purpose than to follow in the great man's train. But I did not expect to see you."

"No! But, of course, I wanted to come. And, Edgar, do you know that Dr. Wallis is going to take him to hear some violin players at Oldbury on Saturday?"

"Yes, I know that too."

"And are you going?"

"I think so."

"Well, I want to go. But papa says he shall not trouble to go. So what am I to do?"

It was not all mischief that gleamed in the youth's eyes as he answered, "Stay at home."

"No, you don't mean that? I was thinking, Edgar, that you might take me."

"I! Do I then appear to you in the light of a desirable chaperon?"

"You are my cousin, and that is about as good as being my brother."

"You flatter me too much, Margery," he said, in a tone she did not understand, and with his eyes turned away from her. "What would Ernest say to so openly acknowledged a relationship?"

But she had no thoughts to give to small signs. "Oh, Edgar!" she sighed with some impatience, "I wish you would be serious. I want to go very much; and if you will not take me I shall be desperate and go alone. I could follow Herr Hunyady and Dr. Wallis, and creep into the music-room when they had begun. Then perhaps, when you saw me by myself, you would take compassion on me, and give me your protection."

She laughed a little at this forlorn picture, but he turned his eyes upon her with almost a fierce light in them.

"You know, Madge, that there is no place or no time where I could bear to think of you as alone, still less to see you so."

"Oh, very well then," she said, though she was a trifle startled, "let us go together. You know I have no courage; and I should be happy with you."

He could not resist the pleading of the grey-blue eyes fixed upon him, though he did not smile.

"Well, I will see if it can be managed," was all he said.

But when the short journey was performed, and they were all walking along a wide road flanked by fine trees and occasional large houses, towards the tapering-spired church that was their goal, he kept by her side, and dropped a short distance behind the rest. His tone was serious and constrained when he spoke.

"What do you think of Hunyady, Margery, now you have seen more of him? Do you like him?"

"Like him?" she repeated, with a surprised air. "Oh, yes, of course. Why do you ask?"

"Just for information. The artiste and the man are separate, you know. We all admire the artiste, but the man, now—that is a different matter."

"You want to know if Hunyady is admirable as a man?"

"Well, I am curious about it, and wondered what your impressions might be. But I was foolish to ask you, for you can have no grounds yet for forming an opinion. You can tell me if he is pleasant to talk to, or genial in mood, but you can know nothing about him. You can no more judge his life and his actions by his manners than you can get a brook to tell you of the places it has passed on its course."

Margery was surprised, and a little indignant, at this tirade, which appeared to be deliberately uttered.

"Well, Edgar, I don't know about that," she said, revolving some things in her mind. "I think we can unconsciously gather a deal of people's lives from their words, and I think we may venture to admire them a little before they are dead, when they are certain not to disappoint us or reverse our judgments. That is so cold and cautious. For my part I would rather trust a little: good as well as bad may lie hidden from us in another's life, and I would not seek to know everything before I ventured to esteem or admire."

"But something must be known. And always remember, Margery, that trust is foolish and dangerous."

She made a little gesture of dissent, but they were entering now the church porch, where the rest had paused. A division of the party was necessary here, and Edgar followed his master to the organ, while the others found a place in the body of the church.

"And what are you going to give the great man, sir?" he asked, as they prepared to arrange the music. "That service of your own, I hope, in D."

"No, no, my boy! The individual must not stand before his country. The selection has been a difficult matter to me. If Hunyady knows nothing of English Church music, there is so much one could wish him to hear; and I may have lighted on just the wrong things to please him. I have a notion—it may be a mistaken one—that his taste leans just a little towards the sensational. This is the dish I have to offer him, 'Responses' by old Tallis; 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis,' to Smart in B<sup>b</sup>; and for anthem, Steggall's 'Remember now.' The voluntaries, if I must really restrict myself to English music, are hard to fix, but I will play for one Wesley's 'Andante in G.'"

"And do the choir know of the alterations you have made for to-night?"

"Yes, they were told this morning, and stayed for a short practice; and I hope I have put them on their mettle by mentioning that a foreign celebrity is to come to-night to hear them."

Meanwhile Hunyady looked about this place of worship curiously. The structure was comparatively new, built in the early English style of Gothic, with transitional windows in the east and west walls. Stained glass of fine design, though of bright colours, filled the apertures down the length of the north and south aisles, and gave brilliancy to the

incoming light rather than hindrance to its rays; but the fresh tender green of beech leaves, trembling in the evening breeze, and glowing in the light of the setting sun, was visible through the plain glass that filled the mullioned traceries of the eastern opening. The appointments of the church were comfortable and well-cared for, and the place had a bright and habitable aspect. As the congregation gathered, Hunyady in his turn was an object of curiosity. His tall, elastic figure, his impressive head, his free foreign gestures, as well as his bound arm, all marked him out as a target for the guarded glances of well-dressed and discreetly mannered people; and there were many there, who had heard of his recital and his accident, who guessed his identity. Presently, the surpliced choir, followed by the clergymen, marched in; and the perfunctory prayers of its members were sadly disturbed by their efforts to catch sight of the great man for whom they were to-night to do their best, and the glances of the decani basses and tenors informed their brethren opposite that he had been found in a position hidden from themselves.

But Hunyady was little troubled with glances: he was too much accustomed to the observation of crowds to notice them. The music was the principal thing to him here, as in every other aspect of life; and when the service began, he gave his attention wholly to it, and to the young girl who stood near to him. She put into his hand the Book of Common Prayer, and found for him the places as they changed. She gave him, too, the music to the hymns. But it was to her he looked for an explanation of the various parts of the service, rather than to the printed page before him. He watched her as she knelt and devoutly intoned the Confession and the Responses; he listened to her voice as in true and expressive tones, and with faultless pointing, she recited with the choir the Psalms for the evening. And even when she took no part in the music, she seemed a part of it; she listened as one who belongs to what is going on, who is a sharer in all it would express. The knowledge he possessed as a musician showed him the structure of the music, and the means that made the harmonical effects; but it was Margery's participation and her expression of it that gave him a clue to its spirit and its sentiment.

As he looked at her profile, that in pale diffused light showed against the deepening shadows of a distant aisle with something of a beatific glow—saw her expressive eyes lifted (full of expansive feeling, but no vision) to the glimpse of sunlit world beyond the east—noted the sad and sentient set of her lips, the fervid clasp of her hands—she seemed to

him the soul of music, the very secret and centre of it, which it was for ever seeking to attain to.

And Margery was actually feeling the music in an unusual sense : it appeared to her on this particular night to be really the expression of a part of her own soul. Her mood had changed since the afternoon. The walk through the squalid town had been enough to draw her down from poetic heights ; and Edgar's words, spoken with apparent intention, had aroused her to thought and mistrust. Then the anthem that Dr. Wallis had chosen, with its weird and subjective treatment, seemed but another fateful influence from without that came to warn and check her. The voice of the Preacher cried in penetrating tones, "Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity," and the cry shook her heart. All vanity ! was love vanity ? and faith ? and art and pleasure and happiness ? Was sweet music not enough to live by, nor love itself ? Could love and music fail her ? What was the meaning of the hidden warning that came to her in words and tones, that seemed to say that the day would shortly come when the mourners should go about the streets of her life ? when the silver cord of her hopes should be loosed, and the pitcher of her joy broken at the fountain of trust ? Was life actually nothing but disappointment and vanity ? Must it continually be faced in doubt and renunciation ? Had she really strayed unwittingly into forbidden paths of enchantment and delight, and must she turn her back upon them at the warning cry ? Or should she fearlessly and wittingly step on to that moment of disaster and despair which the Preacher foretold, and which already she seemed dimly to discern ?

No answer came to these questions that were born of her troubled mood and the music, not even in that lovely burden at the close of the pathetic picture in tones, which spoke the words of clear counsel. It was with no certain recognition of duty, but only in blind emotion, that she joined in Macfarren's beautiful setting to the hymn, "Thy life was given for me," though its fervour thrilled her into a responsive desire after renunciation ; and in the evening hymn it was the truth that our most grievous hurt comes through those we love, that touched her the most profoundly.

And through it all Hunyady's eyes were fixed upon her, and she came to know it.

The service came to an end, and the congregation streamed out by the south-western door to the strains of the swelling organ. For some time after, while Mr. Brandon conducted his party to the organ, intro-



duced the pianist to the rector, and while Hunyady expressed his gratification to Dr. Wallis, there was no opportunity for speech between the two who had been in silent union through the evening. But Hunyady only waited—though he had to wait long, because Edgar kept near his cousin until she reached the threshold of home. It was when Margery turned to ascend the stairs, as she bid him good night, and there was no one within hearing, that the pianist saw his chance.

"Why are you sad, Fräulein Marie?" he asked.

"Am I sad?" She spoke slowly and in breaks, as if she were trying both to express and to disguise something of what she felt. "Then I hardly know why. It comes sometimes without reason. A moment's unreasoning joy is balanced by an hour's sorrow. There is too much contrast and conflict in life, even within the limits of one short, uneventful day. And it is painful to feel that at best one is but a simple vessel, filled or emptied of emotion, through no volition of one's own."

"Ah! but that is not true. And if it were, isn't it the vessel that shapes the substance that it holds? Listen, Fräulein Marie. Everything has been beautiful to me to-night—the music and the worship—but then it has been only you. From you I have learnt what it means: that it is the genius of the English Church, that I had despised as narrow and rigid, to express by its service the worship of a pure spirit which seeks to near God alone and individually."

She looked up to him still, and the new question in her eyes was more touching than the happy confidence they had held a few hours ago.

But she shook her head, and said, "No, not I: what you have heard and felt is the outcome of a great and fervent faith, that has borne fruit through many generations."

## THE QUARTERLY REGISTER.

**D**URING the three months which have elapsed since the last issue of this Journal, many subjects of general interest to its readers have sprung up. Among them, none could be more encouraging than the reports received of the gradual drawing together of the English-speaking musicians now stretching out friendly hands across the Atlantic. It would seem as if a desire for union had seized upon the whole professional body at once; and that not only we, in these small but busy islands, feel drawn together as our fathers never were, but that our brethren over the sea—having, to a large extent, organised themselves—are now ready to meet us cordially, and more than half-way, in the attempt to form one amalgamated artist-body, capable of wielding irresistible force in the discussion and carrying out of all projects for the advance of music and the interests of its professors.

Dr. Penfield, in commenting upon Dr. Gower's paper (on our "Musical Needs"), eloquently expresses the feeling that appears to be animating his brother musicians in the United States: "Let us grasp the hand in the spirit in which it is extended, with a hearty greeting for our fellow artists across the ferry; and while with our local pride we work for America, let our two great societies move forward shoulder to shoulder, conquering for our beloved art the proud position which it deserves as the chief of the fine arts and the universal language of the world."

We must frankly admit that—as in many other matters—our slower tendencies have left us rather behind in the race of improvement; and that, much as has, during the last four years, been done in this country, our organisation has not yet attained to the dimensions and completeness of that of our colleagues in the United States.

To the eleventh annual Conference of the "Music Teachers' National Association," which was held in Indianapolis last July, and of which full information is now to hand, delegates flocked from all districts, representing the sectional associations of teachers which are spread through the Republic. Canada, also, sent accredited musicians to show sympathy

of purpose, and to join in the deliberations, which lasted over several days. The accounts which have reached us show that great catholicity of feeling pervaded the assemblies held each morning, afternoon, and evening for nearly a week ; the discussion of important topics being varied by meetings for social intercourse, and for performances of music of various kinds.

The largeness of the outline of the scheme should be studied by those superintending our own conferences ; provision being made so that each class of musicians could at any time find something going on specially interesting to itself. The comprehensiveness of the whole plan resembled the arrangements made at the annual gatherings of our scientific associations, when those members not delighting in the subjects pondered in section A could move off to section B or C, and not feel the time to have been wasted, or be tempted to wander away to other sources of interest.

Among the many thoughtful papers read was that by our friend Dr. Gower (printed in the last number of this *Review*) which was extremely cordially received. Although Dr. Gower was unable to be present to read his paper himself, our American friends proposed to elect a delegate to represent the Association at the forthcoming Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians of Great Britain, which is to be held in London during the first week in January ; and information has reached us that the proposition was carried by acclamation ; and that a representative of the great body of Professional Musicians in the States will arrive in due course to take part in our forthcoming Conference ; and to show the good-will with which our cousins view our efforts toward amalgamation.

During the week examinations were held (as tests imposed upon the younger candidates for admission to the " American College of Musicians ") by selected committees of qualified and well-known men. Three grades of distinction appear to be conferred by the College, the successful candidates being ranked as Associates, Fellows, and Masters.

The evening concerts were designed upon an extensive and ambitious scale ; a complete and costly orchestra and choir being provided for the interpretation of the large works undertaken, and the Tomlinson Hall being crowded by audiences of some 4,500 persons.

Altogether a " good time " seems to have been enjoyed by upwards of three hundred teachers assembled. The mayor of Indianapolis gracefully welcomed them ; and, at the close of the work, the Governor of the State threw open the State-house and feted them brilliantly.

The Conference of 1888, which will be held in Chicago, will be looked forward to with great interest.

Nearly akin to this Association of Musicians generally is the institution of a society of American composers. The National Movement appears to have taken hold of our cousins in a manner that we have not the courage to yield ourselves subject to. The people set free from the misfortune of having "a history" are intent upon making one. We, with high annals of the past, with every reason to be proud of what has been achieved by Englishmen, and with no cause to fear the deterioration of the race—timidly shrink back, as though blushing ashamed even to be looked to for artistic fertility.

From the 15th to the 19th of November a festival was to be held in New York at which the works of some twenty-five to thirty American composers were, exclusively, to be performed. Could not co-operation among our English writers bring about a like state of things here? There need be no air of bombast about such an undertaking. It would simply be a "Royal Academy of Musicians," an exhibition (if annual, so much the better) of our progress in one branch of Art; and would deserve, *and would obtain*, the public countenance and support quite as readily as any other exposition. If started and carried out with a right feeling, with confidence in the promoters and in the public, it would be bound to prosper.

The readers of this Journal will be interested in a small volume\* reporting the journeyings of three adventurous English ladies, bold enough to essay a pilgrimage to Bayreuth and a little tour through the surrounding district.

The account of the Wagner festival occupies only a minor portion of the work; but it is well written, and pleasantly describes the simplicity and enthusiasm characterising the celebration, and making it like one prolonged picnic.

A more general interest will be taken in the description of the charming country within easy reach from Bayreuth.

Especially pleasing is the sketch of Eisenach, with its many sources of attraction and thought, and of the day spent in a visit to the Wartburg. The story of St. Elizabeth has now become familiar to us. The betrothal of the Hungarian child of four years to the Landgrave Ludwig IV. of the mature age of eleven—the miracle of the transformation of

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\* "Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland," by R. Milner Barry. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, Lowry and Co.

the bread and meat which she was carrying to the poor into sweet-smelling roses, in order to justify the untruth which the kind-hearted young bride told her husband—the misfortunes of her after life—her death in extreme poverty, and her canonisation, have been told in poem, song, and picture.

The *Sängersaal*, in which was held the trial of the Minnesingers celebrated by Wagner in his *Tannhäuser*, could not be overlooked: nor could be neglected Luther's room, where he was protected while he translated the New Testament into the German language, and where he threw the ink bottle at the apparition of the devil with which his wearied brain tormented him. Like the blood at Holyrood the ink-stains are carefully preserved from fading too completely.

Altogether the pleasant little work is to be commended quite as much to general as to musical readers.

Mr. Venables' advice respecting the formation and government of Choral Societies\* is, in many respects, good, and the result of much experience: and the letter on "The Philosophy of Legato Touch in Piano-playing," written by Mr. J. Brotherhood to the President of the American College of Musicians, usefully draws attention to the *Technicon* of the author, and to his ideas with respect to the proper development of the muscles of the wrist and fingers. The *Technicon* is recommended highly by many capable pianists; and the wrist exercise which it affords certainly must be of advantage, especially to those whose time for practice is limited.

Several important new works have been produced during the autumn. Mr. Prout accepted an invitation to write a new cantata for the Huddersfield Choral Society; and "The Red Cross Knight" has increased the feeling excited by his previous works; showing a definite tendency toward dramatic effect combined with his old orchestral aptitude.

Of the two works given at the recent Norwich Festival very strange opinions were enunciated by those critics who have to supply us, each morning, with their hastily-formed estimates. It was so easy to praise the tunefulness of Signor Bottesini's "Garden of Olivet" as the natural brightness and fertility of an Italian artist of a school almost extinct, and, by way of fair balance, to depreciate the construction and dramatic force of the composer, that, as with the unanimity of a verdict pleasantly agreed upon in the smokers room, the oratorio was somewhat contemptuously dismissed. Conductors of choral societies would, however, be wise to search for themselves; and not too readily to acquiesce in the judgment

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\* "The Choral Society," by L. C. Venables. London: J. Curwen and Sons.

thus hastily passed. "The Garden of Olivet" is not dramatic after the fashion of a Verdi "Requiem," or of a pantomime thunderstorm: rushing chromatic scales in sixths do not abound. But there is a good deal of beautiful and most singable music nevertheless: and it is said that the Birmingham committee has boldly commissioned Signor Bottesini to undertake another work for the festival of the autumn of next year.

The other compatriot of the conductor of the eastern festival was applauded as one of the lights of the age, upon whom some portion, at least, of the mantle of Wagner had fallen; as a sort of happy blend of the higher qualities of the Italian and German school. "Isaías" is not a contrapuntal work; and just as little will it offend those who affect to be tired of the Mendelssohn order and regular development of idea. According to our English ideas, it is not entitled to be classified as an oratorio at all: and, perhaps, we are as well able to judge that point as any people, seeing that we are the chief admirers of that highest effort of musical genius. The trio of oratorio writers has yet to be completed; and the Wagnerian school will not produce, or influence, the peer of the authors of "Israel in Egypt" and "Elijah."

But, as I write, comes news of disaster, and that not single. Sir G. A. Macfarren—working earnestly to the very last—has been removed from among those who so greatly respected his earnestness of purpose and his untiring energy, and so warmly admired the geniality of his temperament and his undeviating integrity. Dr. Macfarren exhibited, throughout his whole career, the firmness of a man who had taken the trouble to test the ground of his faith, and was not afraid implicitly to trust it. Not originally trained in the school of church music—using the term in its largest sense—contrapuntal restrictions never fell easily upon the late Cambridge professor. It seems to be almost impossible—however urgent may be the inducement to strive—in later life to acquire that freedom in part-writing which ought, in order to be perfect, to develop gradually almost from the very first efforts in harmonic treatment. Fascinated by the system of harmony propounded by Dr. Alfred Day—many points of which showed a kindling perception of the tendencies of sounds—Professor Macfarren to the last fought loyally and eagerly in support of the standard he delighted to follow. But since the first publication of Dr. Day's book our knowledge of harmony has grown wondrously. No longer is it possible to teach the science of sounds in the fettered, restrictive, arbitrary manner formerly in vogue. As in all other branches of knowledge, its widest range, its farthest reach-

ings, its nicest definitions must be sought out and catalogued. The question must not be what *has been*, but what *may be*, done: and that question must be discussed with a desire rather to remove than to impose restrictions. Sir George Macfarren's zeal as the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music was well known and thoroughly appreciated: and it must be some time before an institution, which so needed a firm and courageous director, and which has so vastly profited by his administration, may surmount the loss which it has experienced.

In quite a different way will the removal of Madame Goldschmidt be viewed. Although she, until quite recently, actively exhibited her sympathy with the Royal College of Music, Jenny Lind long ago retired from the public gaze, which followed her so wistfully, and with such keen regret at her early withdrawal. Endowed with wonderfully keen musical perception, indefatigable in her endeavour to penetrate to the deepest meaning of the authors whose works she undertook to interpret, she stirred emotions in the minds of her hearers which are not to be aroused except by executants of the very highest order, endowed with a sensibility near akin to the creative faculty. Jenny Lind never simulated emotion, or degraded her mission by that theatric, hysteric pretence which, nowadays, so oft does duty in lieu of a real dramatic absorbment. We are in danger of forgetting the lesson she taught.

But we have more cheerful thoughts wherewith to close our retrospection of the past three months, and to congratulate, especially, those of our readers who look forward to a higher recognition of the value of our art. At the last conference (in Birmingham) of the National Society of Professional Musicians a series of resolutions was passed embodying the views of the members with respect to the higher culture of music and to advisable University action in its encouragement. These resolutions (printed in No. 9 of this journal) were, after some delay, forwarded, according to the request of the conference, to the authorities of the different Universities. What response has been made by the older establishments I do not know. Probably none. Action in such a matter was to be hoped for from the younger, more active, and more liberally minded movers in educational matters. And, without comment, I quote the reference to this important subject made in Manchester, November 3rd, by the Vice Chancellor (Dr. Ward) of the Victoria University, in a public address delivered prior to conferring degrees in arts and science:—

"It will be my duty, at an early date in the present session, to bring



before the council of the University a series of resolutions, as to examinations for musical degrees, passed by the National Society of Professional Musicians at a conference held in Birmingham in January last; together with the request of the society that this University should take into immediate and serious consideration the propriety of granting degrees in music, and of placing that study in an honourable position in the general curriculum."

HAROLD ROGERS.

IN DECEMBER.

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# FINGERS AND WRISTS.

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**E**VERY teacher of the pianoforte knows the difficulty which children have in remembering the names of the notes on the treble and bass staves, and their places on the keyboard.

Why the lowest line of one staff should be called E, and the corresponding line of the other staff named G, what particular E or G is thus written, and why any E or G should be so prominently placed, whereas the exercises first played do not seem to assign to those sounds any special importance, are matters causing great doubt and frequent mistake.

But not only is the placing of the printed characters on the staves taught in a confused manner: the same want of system frequently attends the teaching of the various lengths of notes. Before any exercises in simple pulsation are practised—while the finding of a required note is still an anxious matter, and the action of the fingers very

irregular—probably the poor little victim is still further troubled with complicated divisions of time; being expected to play in correct proportion notes of several different lengths.

The exercises in this work are based upon the principle of learning only one thing at a time; and learning that one thing well. They attest the importance of the sound that lies in the centre of our system of notation. The pupil is shown that the open space between the two staves is the home of that "Middle C" which must (whatever mode of teaching may be adopted) be pointed out at the very first lesson; and must remain the best known landmark on the keyboard. Round that central note—as the musical point from which all other sounds radiate—the early exercises hover until the whole contents of the two staves are known. The chromatic notes, with their enharmonic variations of name and look, are introduced in such a manner as to rob them of all mystery. And, while practising the exercises, the student must be gradually strengthening that perception of the beauty of regular, periodic accentuation of which almost every human being has some idea, and which children are quick to realize and to delight in.

As regards both the acquirement of rudimentary knowledge and the development of digital dexterity the adoption of such a plan must effect a vast saving of labour. The objection which many people entertain to the study of the piano—that it absorbs so much time—is one that may be met only by a careful consideration of the aim of every lesson, and by a rigid adaptation of the means pursued to the end sought. It is folly to suppose that, in order to overcome some little special obstinacy of the muscles of the hand, it is necessary to wade through page after page of a spun-out "study." When a teacher knows his business he may prescribe a short phrase of two or three bars (so quickly read as, at once, to become useful), which, diligently and perseveringly played, must bring to the refractory fingers the desired nimbleness and freedom.

These exercises, scales, and arpeggios constitute a more than sufficient preparation for the attack of such works as are, in the lists issued by the National Society of Professional Musicians, prescribed for candidates for certificates of the first three or four grades. And the author is convinced that a similar system might, with very great advantage, be pursued by the most advanced students of piano playing.

